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CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON LUDWIG LEWISOHN H. L. MENCKEN

NORMAN THOMAS HEYWOOD BROUN CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

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HOW DOES GOVERNOR SMITH stand on the question of a large navy and army and in relation to the armament race? What is his general outlook on the problem of militarism? These questions are constantly asked us by interested liberals who are trying to make up their minds whether they can advocate Governor Smith's election or not. We are happy to be able to throw a little light on these questions by the following letter of Governor Smith to Mr. L. V. Gordon of the Church Peace Union, written on June 3, 1927, which does not seem to have received publicity so far, at least in the East:

DEAR MR. GORDON:

I received your letter calling attention to a conference of the five chief naval Powers, which will convene in Geneva during the month of July, for the consideration of the subject of limitation of naval armaments.

I consider the subject the most promising cure for some of the world's worst evils. This nation spent for army and navy in 1926 over $600,000,000. For our naval and military establishments we spend in a year over twice the outlay of all the States in the Union for charity and correction and about one-half the expenditure in all the States of the Union for public elementary education. The naval expenses alone of England, France, and the United States exceed a billion dollars a year. We must come to keen realization of the burning significance of these facts and lift this load of waste from the backs of the masses whose labor foots the bill.

What the nations expend for armament and its upkeep would wipe out the slums of the cities, educate the children of the world, reestablish farms and industry, and restore prosperity to mankind.

Sincerely yours,

[Signed] ALFRED E. SMITH

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE acted promptly in rebuking our talking admirals, but, as was to be expected, without any of the force or fire which marked Senator Borah's ringing statement. None the less, he is on record as having advised the press and country to pay no attention to similar alarmist speeches, pointing out that they always occur when the navy is trying to get through a big naval-appropriation bill. But why does he allow the navy to put these appropriation bills into Congress? It seems to us, and to many others, that the President says one thing and that the navy goes ahead and does what it pleases without regard to the President's opinions or utterances. There is certainly no discipline or control exercised by the White House. It would be far better, indeed, if Mr. Coolidge prevented these foolish, and sometimes wicked, militaristic utterances by our naval officers by taking charge of the legislation himself and sending his recommendations, and not Secretary Wilbur's, to Congress. Then there would be one responsible head to the whole business. But Mr. Coolidge is unable to govern in that manner. He has never been able to rein in the team of Cabinet officers whom he is supposed to steer.

WITH CONGRESS, too, Mr. Coolidge is out of luck. It has now been two months in session and the President has encountered only defeat. This is in part due to the fact that the Progressive Senators hold the balance of power in the Senate, but the House, also, has thumbed its nose, or noses, if one prefers, at the President on several occasions. This is, of course, not unusual when a President is nearly at the end of his term and it is known that he will not succeed himself. There follows the inevitable play for position in the coming campaign. At present the majority leadership in both House and Senate is not distinguishing itself. The Senate has not only voted for tariff revision in defiance of the President, but it has by a vote of 51 to 32 defeated Mr. Coolidge's plan for an investigation of the loss of the S-4 by an independent commission and by a vote of 51 to 25 accepted that part of the Jones Merchant Marine bill which

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provides that no ship can be sold except by unanimous consent of the Shipping Board, to which Mr. Coolidge is wisely opposed. The President still has his veto, but in the case of Mississippi flood control there are indications that a bill which he disapproves can be passed over his veto. This situation again endangers the passing of a worth-while agricultural-relief bill and leaves entirely in the air the question of tax reduction.

WE INDORSE MOST HEARTILY the resolution which Senator Wheeler has introduced for an inquiry by the Committee on Foreign Relations into the nature and extent of the concessions abroad held by American citizens or companies in which they are interested. Senator Borah, chairman of the committee, is fostering a resolution for an investigation of our occupation of Nicaragua, and naturally he is more interested in pushing his own proposal. Although his project is much to be desired also, it seems less fundamental to us than Senator Wheeler's scheme. If our citizens are going to understand and correctly settle the numerous questions now growing out of our interests abroad, we must have adequate information as to what such interests are. We must no longer be satisfied with vague talk about protecting "American lives and property." We must insist that the Department of State tell us precisely what lives and whose property it is protecting—and why.

THE NEW YORK *WORLD* has at last discovered why the Latin Americans mistake our benevolent intentions for hypocrisy. It is because "They do not understand our tendency to dwell upon the purity of our intentions and to pass discreetly over the facts which do not fit in to our own conception of our characters." We mean all right, continues the *World*, but our tall talk and moral self-justification "invariably makes the Latin mind cynical." So when President Coolidge remarks that "the sovereignty of small nations is respected," they believe that we are hypocritical and simply snigger out loud—a snigger, strangely enough, that is echoed and reechoed throughout the world. In Buenos Aires *La Critica* labels the Pan-American Conference a "comedy," and the students in the Central Law School are raising money to aid Sandino. In Montevideo *La Tribuna Popular* urges Uruguayans to boycott products from the United States in protest against our Nicaraguan policy. In Peru *El Comercio* asks: "How can it be possible to arrive at Pan-Americanism when hates are boiling among various American entities, caused by violence and maintained by flagrant violations of right and justice?" Likewise in Havana the newspaper *El Pais* becomes curious and asks "Has any state the right to conduct work of territorial defense outside of its own limits, and in the event that it has, does it possess the authority to overstep the sovereignty of other states?" And even Mexico, despite our good-will gestures in her direction, remains extremely critical of the results. To the nations to the south of us, it appears, our actions speak louder than our words—it is their Latin "temperament."

THIS SAME "TEMPERAMENT," this same inability to take seriously our good-will gestures and unctuous talk at Havana seems to exist also across the Atlantic. In England the London *Daily News* facetiously puts two and two together saying: "It was more than a little unfortunate that only a few hours before he [President Coolidge] was pointing out to his audience that one of the greatest characteristics of the American people is their habit of 'respecting the sovereignty of small nations,' air bombers dispatched from his own country were out dealing death and terror among the so-called Nicaraguan 'rebels.'" Much the same is the opinion of the Madrid *Imparcial* that "the conciliatory words of President Coolidge will not ring sincere while sharpshooters in Nicaragua continue hunting the troops of Sandino." Meanwhile we learn from the New York *Herald Tribune's* correspondent in Rome that, with reference to the Pan-American Conference, "So far the United States has not received one word of friendly comment in the Italian press—and comment has been copious." And to complete the European chorus, Berlin and Paris newspapers twit us about our "altruism." Most striking and unexpected, perhaps, is the criticism from France; it was only a week earlier that President Coolidge lifted the ban on French industrial loans in New York as a special mark of friendship. In return, France coldly points out that the ban was never considered as a hardship, but rather in the nature of a blessing—because that country is happiest which is freest from the influence of foreign capital.

RARELY IS A NEWSPAPER so guilty of misrepresentation as was the New Haven *Journal-Courier* toward the nineteen Yale students who were arrested for distributing a pamphlet discussing the neckwear strike in New Haven. In reprinting an editorial of the *Yale Daily News*, the *Journal-Courier* not only distorted the whole tenor of the article through its headlines but actually deleted a negative from a sentence. The *News* said:

> This neckwear report is no catch-penny Bolshevist pamphlet calling on every good brother to whet his butcher knife and lie low.

In the *Journal-Courier* this sentence became:

> This neckwear report is catch-penny calling upon every good brother to whet his butcher knife and to lie low.

The two introductory sentences to the *News* editorial were: "Mother Yale has again been dishonored. Her fair name has been dragged through the mud by nineteen empty-headed students who wanted to get their names in the tabloids." These lines, ironical in their context, were separated from the editorial by the *Journal-Courier* and made to appear as the solemn dictum of the *News* on the issue. It was with this interpretation in mind that *The Nation* criticized the student paper; in reality, we learn, the *News* has been supporting the students, and is to be complimented upon its editorial. Not content with garbling one editorial, the *Journal-Courier* in a later issue heads a news story with the following words: "Says Yale Men Too Young to Know Minds; Undergraduates Have no Business Interesting Themselves in Industrial Problems, Declares *Alumni Weekly*." What the *Yale Alumni Weekly* actually said was:

> There is . . . a question raised . . . that interests us. . . . This assumes that the Yale undergraduate body is too youthful to know its own mind . . . and has no business interesting itself actively in social or industrial problems outside of the college walls. To this theory we should have to take exception.

THE "OBSCENITY LAW" of the Post Office Department, officially Section 212 of the United States Penal Code, has never been put to stranger use than in the attempted prohibition of stamps issued by the Anti-Imperial-

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ist League bearing the words "Protest Against Marine Rule in Nicaragua." The Anti-Imperialist League says that if the mails can be used for anti-tuberculosis propaganda they can be used also for anti-imperialist propaganda. The United States Post Office retorts that letters bearing the "Protest Against Marine Rule" stamp are, under Section 212, held to be unmailable. If any word in Section 212 covers the situation it is the word "libelous," since the stamps are not "indecent, lewd, lascivious, obscene, scurrilous, defamatory, threatening" or "calculated by the terms or manner of style or display and obviously intended to reflect injuriously upon the character or conduct of another." As for the libel, it is not possible to libel the United States Government. What remains is a little difficult to determine. The marines are in Nicaragua; the coming election will be conducted under marine control. The anti-imperialist stamps are inoffensive in the extreme; about an inch square, a modest buff in color. We believe that a protest couched in these words and in this format can legally be attached to the reverse side of mail matter; we believe that the Post Office is unwarranted in its assumption that mail bearing such stamps is unmailable. And not only unwarranted but impertinent and ill-advised.

DEATH HAS REMOVED two interesting American historians from the scene. John Spencer Bassett, who died after being struck by a street car in Washington, D. C., had been for more than twenty years professor of history at Smith College; but for thirteen years before that he had taught at Trinity College (now Duke University), North Carolina, and as a historian his work had had chiefly to do with the South, where he was born and brought up. He contributed several volumes to the history of slavery in North Carolina, he wrote an important life of Andrew Jackson, and recently he was engaged with an edition of Jackson's letters in six volumes. Some will remember him as the center of a storm which raged in the South following the publication in 1903 of his article declaring Booker T. Washington to have been the greatest Southerner—save Lee—born within a century. In Clarence Walworth Alvord, dead after a long illness in Italy, *The Nation* loses a valuable contributor and reviewer. Mr. Alvord, who had been professor of history at the University of Illinois and later at the University of Minnesota, was one of the most distinguished of our sectional historians. As general editor of the Illinois Historical Collection, as editor-in-chief of the Illinois Centennial History, as managing editor of the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, and as author of "The Mississippi Valley in British Politics" he had done much to reveal the possibilities to historians of that portion of the Middle West to which he had gone from New England.

WHILE PROFESSOR ALVORD was a specialist in Mississippi Valley history, he was never a narrow one, nor did he, like so many others of his craft, lose his head and forget all the teachings of history when the war relegated judgment and all critical tests to the garbage heap. In his thorough knowledge of certain definite fields he was in marked contrast to the late Talcott Williams, for years chief editorial writer of the Philadelphia *Press* and the first head of the Pulitzer School of Journalism. Dr. Williams had a most amazing memory which he stored with facts in regard to almost every subject. He kept up an extraordinary clipping system catalogued in a way that made the marking with the right decimal of each article to be filed a great feat of memory in itself. Often the entire floor of his library was covered with clippings for his secretary to file in the proper boxes. On the other hand, his knowledge of so many facts made him slow to express a critical judgment in that his mind seemed regularly to recur to similar happenings in history, only to linger there. If in politics he was by nature a compromiser, he was none the less for many years a notable figure in the literary life of Philadelphia, and his promotion to the School of Journalism seemed to be exactly the right reward for his years of editorial service.

VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ was engaged upon a novel called "The Fifth Horseman of the Apocalypse" when he died suddenly in France. It was to be another propaganda novel, this time in the interests of peace, with the plot centering about the League of Nations. Whether it would have been his best novel, as he thought it would be, or whether any of his propaganda novels was among his best, or whether indeed he ever wrote a first-rate novel at all—these are questions which must be left to time and literary criticism. But of one thing we are already sure: he was a dashing and dramatic figure. The arch-enemy of Alfonso XIII and Primo de Rivera, exiled four years ago to France whence he sent back insulting pamphlets by airplane, jailed an almost countless number of times during his life for political reasons, Blasco Ibáñez was a born fighter, as in literature he was a born special pleader. Our connection with him in America is that we made him rich. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" succeeded over here not only in stimulating hatred of Germany but in setting its author free financially.

IT WOULD HARDLY be possible to call Earl Haig a brilliant strategist or to claim for him a personality as forceful as that of Marshal Foch. But he had many of the finest traits of the British soldier—his refusal to know defeat, his tenacity in holding on at all costs, and his complete faith in his men. We doubt if any other than a British general would have had the courage and frankness to tell his army, after the defeats of 1918, that they had "their backs to the wall," were facing the ultimate issue, and that "believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight to the end." To onlookers it seemed at first as if that statement would mean at least an army corps to the Germans in raising their morale, but Haig knew his men and knew how it would stiffen their resistance. From that time on the day of British retreats was over. Since the Allies were successful, Earl Haig's reputation is assured; had they lost, even though it might have been through no fault of Haig's, he would have been written down as a failure. The exact appraisal of his military worth must, of course, await future judgments of history. If those are just they will credit him with part responsibility for some dreadful disasters and blunders, like the Somme, as well as with successes. It is enormously to his credit that he was never as vindictive or as bitter as Foch and that he was not the speech-making, belligerent general of the type that curses America. But he did say in a recent address that England would have won the war without America's assistance, not in 1918 perhaps, but thereafter, because of "the inherent fighting qualities of all ranks of the British army," which, together with the loyalty and discipline of the British people the world over, were, he said, the real cause of the victory.

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The Assault on Our Holy Tariff

FROM every angle the tariff question projects itself at the embattled Administration and its tariff-baron allies. On the very verge of a Presidential campaign when the Republican Party would once more like to fry the fat out of protected manufacturers by promising them that there shall be no tinkering with our holy tariff, a Republican Senate defies the President and strikes a deadly blow, by a vote of 54 to 34, in favor of immediate revision. Shades of Quay, and Mark Hanna, and William B. Allison, and William McKinley! But it is not only that there is revolt at home, with the farmers leading in the fuss; from across the oceans come unceasing protests against our tariff barriers. Last year we had the French threat to strike back at us by a prohibitive tariff on certain products, which controversy has only been deferred, not settled, by a compromise arrangement. Two years ago the leading bankers of the world took a hand with their manifesto to the effect that trade could not return to normal unless the tariff walls erected since the war by old and new countries were leveled. True, the Washington Administration countered by declaring that this was aimed at Europe and not the United States, but the presence of American bankers, headed by J. P. Morgan, among the signatories tells a different tale.

Now comes from Havana the news that the Pan-American Conference insists on that customs union among the American Republics promised in the resolution of our Congress when it created the Pan-American Union forty years ago. In this case the initiative came from the Argentine, which for the last two years has been boycotting the United States because of the embargo on its meat which was imposed by the Department of Commerce as an administrative measure, the excuse being the unsanitary condition of Argentine meat. We have repeatedly chronicled in these columns, too, the protests from Europe against the tariff inspectors whom we have sent abroad to pry into the secrets of foreign manufacturers and the revolt against this procedure by France, the Argentine, Sweden, and Switzerland. In addition, every economist who has written on the question of the repayment to us of the debt owed by our allies in the World War has insisted that those sums could not be repaid as long as the United States maintained its high-tariff walls. To us it looks as if there were a united foreign conspiracy against our tariff policy.

Now in the old days a Republican administration could have thumbed its nose at the protests from abroad and told Europe to mind its own business. But how can Mr. Coolidge do this, even though his party will soon be needing large campaign contributions, when there is treachery at home? How can you again delude the manufacturers into trusting you to do their bidding in tariff matters when but for ten votes in the House of Representatives Congress would today be on record as demanding an immediate revision of the tariff from the President? How can you give any assurances whatever as to what will happen next year when the Republican farmers are everywhere demanding either tariff revision or the extension of the tariff system to cover everything that they have to sell abroad? This is stabbing the Administration in the back.

But if the Senate, so long the very stronghold of the protectionists, is no longer to be relied upon, who then? Not New England apparently. That hitherto loyal section of our country wrote its own tariff schedules into the last tariff law. They were told to step up and help themselves, to fix their own profits in collusion with Congress. They did so and went home triumphant, crying out that they had maintained the American standard of living for their working people, that they had safeguarded their industries and assured the cotton and woolen supremacy of the United States beyond peradventure. Congress for once had done their bidding and not tried to legislate alone about a business it could not grasp. At last only real experts had written the schedules—the Republican Party was forever to be blest. But now? Why the twin mill-industries in New England are in ruins; the folly of the belief that if only you can build a tariff wall high enough all will be well is competely demonstrated to anyone with an open mind. As a matter of fact not even in the days immediately after the passage of the Fordney Act were the wages of mill-workers commensurate with an adequate standard of living. Strikes, lockouts, long periods of unemployment—these have been the characteristics of the years since.

That certain economic causes other than foreign competition have been responsible for this is true. The rise of the South as a mill section because of cheap water-power and cheap and docile labor and the exploitation of the children, radical changes in women's attire which have done away with certain articles, and the abandonment of cotton stockings and underwear in favor of silk and imitation silk —these are some of the reasons for the plight of New England's pet industries. So we have dispatches from Rhode Island and Massachusetts, stating that the wages of some mill-workers there have just been cut 10 per cent—they were cut about the same figure three years ago—and that some mills are shutting down indefinitely.

It is also true that another reason for the plight of these industries is the existence of managements too conservative to be able to switch quickly to new lines, or to meet promptly ever-changing conditions. But slothfulness and over-conservatism of management, as well as wastefulness and trade inefficiency, are as much the direct products of protection as are huge campaign contributions from favored manufacturers. The low estate of these industries in Massachusetts only goes to prove that a high tariff by no means assures high profits any more than high wages. No one who knows the conditions among some of the mill-workers in New England can assert that there is any such marked difference between the living conditions of New England mill-workers and some of their competitors in Europe as our elder statesmen would have us believe. Some manufacturers no doubt wish in their hearts that they could put a tariff wall around New England to prevent Southern competition. Even that would not help them in the long run. Protection has never done what its advocates have claimed. That it can never be boosted into the position that its supporters would like to have it, where its tariff schedules could be something permanent, fixed, and untouchable, must now be plain, when our tariff schedules are being assailed with such vigor from within and without as to make it certain that they will crumble before long. There will be tariff revision in 1930 if not before—that is now clear.

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$5,000 for a Murder

TEXAS is suffering from an attack of bank robbery. Small banks do not feel safe at night, and even large banks in the cities have found themselves looking into the muzzles of revolvers in broad daylight. As a remedy for this unfortunate state of affairs the Texas Bankers' Association has caused the following sign to be posted in every one of the 1,500 or so banks of the State:

$5,000 REWARD

DEAD BANK ROBBERS WANTED

$5,000 Cash Will Be Paid for Each Bank Robber Killed While Robbing a Texas Bank

The Texas Bankers' Association offers a standing reward of $5,000 for each dead bank robber, killed while in the act of robbing a member bank in Texas. No limit as to place of killing—in the banking house, as the robber or robbers leave the bank, as they climb into their car, ten or twenty miles down the road as they flee, or while resisting a posse giving chase. This reward applies to night attacks as well as daylight holdups.

The Association will not give one cent for live robbers. They rarely are identified, more rarely convicted, and most rarely kept in the penitentiary when sent there—all of which operations are troublesome and costly.

But the Association is prepared to pay for any number of dead bank robbers killed while robbing its members, at $5,000 apiece.

$5,000 in cash will be paid for the killing of any robber while robbing

THIS BANK

$5,000 for each DEAD ROBBER—not one cent for a hundred live ones.

Mr. W. M. Massie, president of the Texas Bankers' Association, has written an article in a Texas magazine, *Banker's Monthly*, in which he quotes the above with approval:

> We are acting well within our rights under the law, and under the provisions of the State and Federal constitutions. We are not infringing the rights of any citizen, but on the contrary we are following a course which we believe to be in the interest of the public welfare, and in accordance with the soundest public policy. *In any event*, we are launched upon this policy for an indefinite period. [Italics ours.]

He adds: "Whatever responsibility may be attached to the adoption of this policy I am willing to assume personally."

Under the federal statutes bank robbery is punishable by a term in prison. Mr. Massie has made it in Texas punishable by death. Moreover, a robber in Texas—by Mr. Massie's express wish—is deprived of the right of habeas corpus, the right of indictment by a grand jury, the right to a proper trial in a public court by a jury duly chosen from his peers, and finally the right to be duly sentenced for his crime after the crime has been proved to the satisfaction of twelve men hearing evidence against him.

It may be advanced that any person has a right to shoot a bank robber in self-defense. But according to Mr. Massie it is not necessary to wait that long. Nor is it necessary to shoot a bank robber on the bank's premises. Twenty miles away will do just as well, although to anyone but Mr. Massie identification of a fleeing robber, probably in an automobile, some minutes or even hours after his crime, might offer difficulties.

Mr. Massie, therefore, is determined to do his duty by his profession. He does not mind that innocent men may fall victims to his bright idea; he does not mind that the life of any man in Texas, on however innocent an errand, in any hour of the day or night, afoot or in his automobile, near a bank or not, is not safe from the bullets of persons eager for blood money. This is well demonstrated by the death of two Mexicans a month ago, shot by police officers who, it is alleged, induced them to visit a bank on the pretext of offering them a job, and then killed them as "bank robbers," subsequently claiming the reward of $10,000.

Mr. Massie believes in lynch law, as many a Texan has done before him. But not lynching in passionate anger, to "protect a woman's honor" or to "avenge a brave man killed by a black rascal." Not even these. He offers Texans an inducement to lynch law for a crime not yet committed, a crime perhaps never to be committed, for a person never even suspected of crime except by the man who kills him.

As Australians See Us

AMERICAN industry as seen from the other side of the world is highly successful in production but less so in human values for the workers. In the emphasis laid upon this, the report of the Australian labor delegation which visited the United States last year differs from that of most European observers. The general standard of living in the United States is so much higher materially than exists in Europe that observers from the antipodes have generally failed to note the relative disadvantage of the mass of the workers as compared with the extraordinary position of the more favored members of the business and professional groups. The delegation from the antipodes, on the contrary, did not miss this significant aspect. More than a quarter of a century ago the Australasians began a series of radical reforms in industrial relations, and although these have not brought peace, they have raised the position of the workers relative to the rest of the community to a plane which enables them to look without envy at American prosperity.

The Australian industrial delegation to the United States consisted of four employers' representatives, four employees' representatives, two women observers, and a Government representative and secretary. The report is primarily factual. Obviously the composition of the delegation made it difficult to agree in regard to any considerable body of recommendations or conclusions. There is, however, a short general statement of conclusions signed by the entire delegation and a longer one submitted in behalf of two of the labor members.

The Australians seem to have been impressed above everything else by the attention and money devoted to industrial research in this country. This may come as a surprise to many Americans who know how deficient we were in this respect not many years ago and are unaware of the great advances made during and since the World War. Naturally the visitors were struck also by the scientific management and efficiency of plant which they found in America, although they do not think that much of this could be duplicated with success in a country with the smaller population and smaller-scale manufacturing of Australia. Unfortunately the delegation seems to have

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given only slight attention to selling methods or it might have discovered an amount of waste which goes far to offset high productivity when it comes to the advantages reaped by the worker either as wage-earner or consumer.

An important part of the report is the analysis of prices, wages, and hours in the United States and Australia from which it appears that the average worker is better off in the antipodes than here. Food is substantially higher in America than in Australia, and the delegation presents figures showing that in this respect the purchasing power of the wages of American unskilled workers—based on a forty-eight-hour week—is only 72 per cent of that of Australian labor. In addition:

> Short time and complete cessation discounts very largely the theory of high wages and seems to leave the position anything but bright for many thousands of the workers of America. It is shown by United States employment agencies that there were 160 men applying for every 100 jobs in January this year [1927] and in respect of labor turnover there was a total of 41.4 per cent of those on the pay rolls in the same month.

It is stated also that "the housing of American workers is not up to the standard of the workers' homes in Australia," and "Although America is a creditor country . . . it works longer hours than Australia, which is a debtor country."

In its conclusions the delegation, speaking as a whole, says that Australia might well emulate some American employers and employees in organizing shop councils or employee-representation plans to deal with personal grievances. The report further states:

> Whatever may be said of compulsory arbitration, it is certain that it does not encourage mutuality between employers and employees. The central idea is strife—the engendering of disputes so as to get to court—before non-practical men. In America, when a difference of opinion occurs, the parties refer the question to some one conversant with the industry. This insures respect on both sides for the decision.

In the separate conclusions set forth by two of the employees' representatives in the delegation it is said:

> To attribute increased productivity in America to the workmen would be misleading. Labor, skilled and unskilled, is efficient, but that efficiency is brought about by the high standard of machinery and equipment, management, organization, and supervision. . . .
>
> Comparing workmen in America with those in Australia, we say frankly that the Australian does not suffer by any measure of comparison. . . .
>
> Company unions, with the final veto regarding wages and conditions resting entirely in the hands of the management, would not suit Australian conditions or Australian workers. . . .
>
> There is a very great margin in wages between skilled workers or semi-skilled, who are organized, as against the unskilled, who have no unions. . . .
>
> We saw little evidence of inquiry being made as to the effects of industrial fatigue produced by mass-production methods on the health of employees, unless it was in the labor-turnover data compiled by each plant, in which "voluntary quits" were usually largest. Mere machine-like speed without self-expression is not necessarily efficiency and does lead to a medical problem of nerves and mind. That this is recognized by the managements of mass-production plants will be seen by the employment of and the attention given by the medical profession as to the condition of men before employment is given.

Magnificent Humanity

HENRY FORD'S peace ship was one of those magnificent impossibilities which, like the Children's Crusade, survive in history even though they fail in their own moment. Carolena Wood's mission to Nicaragua was another. Carolena Wood is a Quaker with a belief in the power of love, and she was distressed at the bloody lovelessness in Nicaragua. Sandino, she felt, was waging a hopeless war, and the marines were daily adding to the unnecessarily large sum of bitterness in the world. With a small delegation from the Society of Friends and the Fellowship of Reconciliation she set out to Nicaragua.

Sandino's prestige was at stake. He had dedicated himself to death, and obviously could not surrender to a mere marine. But if a woman went to him—a woman from the enemy camp, but a woman of good-will—and asked him to cease hopeless bloodshed, and promised her cooperation in persuading the ruling powers to use his ability in building up his country, might he not see greater possibilities of usefulness?

To the marines and diplomats in Managua Carolena Wood must at first have seemed mad. But the sincerity of her good-will was undeniable. After some hesitation they decided not to oppose her—at least not openly. So she traveled out to the farm at Niquinohomo, where Sandino's father was watching his coffee dry, and asked him to accompany her. At first he refused. He had bade his son a father's last farewell, and could not interrupt death. But he yielded to Carolena Wood. If she could get word from Sandino that he would see her, the father would act as guide. Carolena Wood returned to Managua, and tried to reach Sandino's wife, telegraph operator at San Rafael. Colonel Gulick of the marines encouraged her to telegraph to Señora Sandino, but did not tell her that the line had been out of operation for a month. That Carolena Wood learned only after days of waiting, followed by a strenuous trip up into the mountains. The automobile axle broke thirty miles from a garage, but the expedition continued. It found Señora Sandino, and found her willing to help. But from San Rafael to Sandino was a two days' journey through the mountains, and before the messenger could return Colonel Gulick's Christmas offensive against Sandino began. No answer came, and the little peace expedition finally left Nicaragua with its mission unaccomplished.

Yet no such effort is ever vain. Carolena Wood's expedition advertised in Nicaragua the fact that there are Yankees of good-will who do not seek to impose their conception of order upon lesser countries; and it spread the same tidings as it passed through Havana on its way back to New York. We hope that it will continue its mission of friendship in the United States, where perhaps it is even more badly needed than in the mountains of Nueva Segovia. It can tell, too, in the face of those who call Sandino's heroes "bandits" the story of the German shopkeeper at Jinotega, who despairingly watched Sandino requisition his best shoes and mattresses, and in due time received $400 in instalment payments in return—a procedure unusual even for a regular army in Nicaragua.

If only our State Department harbored some such mad enthusiasts of good-will as Carolena Wood, we might have a different mission in Nicaragua than killing rebel patriots!

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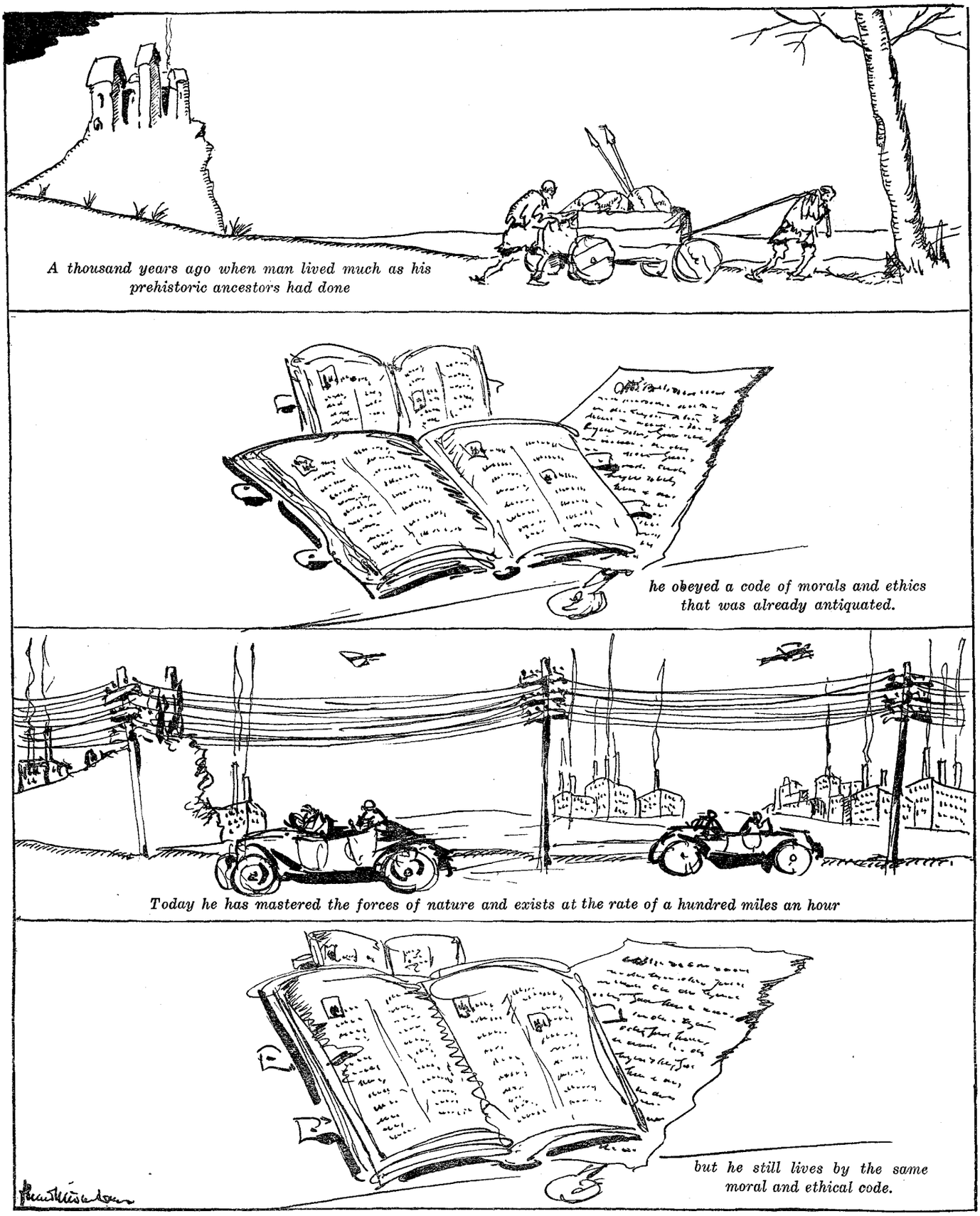
A thousand years ago when man lived much as his prehistoric ancestors had done
he obeyed a code of morals and ethics that was already antiquated.
Today he has mastered the forces of nature and exists at the rate of a hundred miles an hour
but he still lives by the same moral and ethical code.

Why the Universe Is Askew

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It Seems To Heywood Broun

THE New York *World* has recently done a good service by protesting against the assumption that everybody who opposes Al Smith is a bigot. The editorial in question says that with perfect logic and sincerity it is fair to fight the Governor on the ground that he is a Democrat, a Wet, a man more versed in city than agrarian problems, and a candidate as yet unfamiliar with international affairs. I would go further and say that under certain circumstances it would be reasonable for a voter to oppose a candidate on the ground of his religion. It is nonsense to talk about keeping religion out of politics when already it is in. Because Heflin shouts his head off there is no reason why all the rest of us should pretend an absolute lack of interest in the religious affiliations of a man in public life. A man's faith may be an important part of his personality. The voter has a right to know the background of anyone who stands for office. In some campaigns much has been made of the fact that a nominee was a good husband and father. That seems to me far more irrelevant than the matter of his religious affiliations. You may say that the nation is not baptizing him but then neither is it marrying him.

Soundly enough, the basic principle has been laid down that no man shall be barred from office because of his religious beliefs. But there are points at which a dogma of a church may very palpably touch some matter of governmental interest. In such instances the voter has a right to inquire whether this contact of creed and political theory seems to him advantageous or otherwise. Governor Smith himself has tacitly admitted that it is not unreasonable for the public to want to know just what a candidate believes and how it may potentially affect his conduct in office. Otherwise he would not have written his able reply to the Marshall letter.

To be specific, I will call myself Tom Jones and add that my chief interest is in the perpetuation and extension of the public-health service. We will assume that I am fervently in favor of the vaccination of all children in the public schools. If a Christian Scientist were running for mayor of New York I, Mr. Jones, would be justified in opposing him. Likewise Admiral Montgomery (I hope there is no such admiral) could be a man convinced that the safety of America depended upon the building of a huge navy. If he demurred at voting for Hoover, the Quaker, I should not call the Admiral a fanatic. To get closer home let us mention the case of Thomas Wiggins, an advocate of a national divorce law whereby marriage might be dissolved at the expressed wish of either contracting party. Mr. Wiggins is not a hill-billy if he says, "I don't want Al Smith for President because he is a Catholic."

However, there is a very clear defect in the reasoning of most people who say, "I would never vote for Al Smith or any other Catholic." This argues that the label Catholic implies a standardization. Obviously this is ridiculous. The range of possibility runs all the way from St. Francis to John F. Hylan. Save for an intense interest in literature there is no great similarity between Chesterton and Tunney. Heflin has declared that never under any circumstances would he accept a Catholic but how about St. Paul if he happened to be contemporaneous? To be sure, he wouldn't get my vote and yet I regard him as a man more able than any yet suggested by the Democrats. Instead of saying, "Let's keep religion out of politics," there should be the freest and frankest possible discussion as to just what sort of a Catholic Al Smith may be and in what way, if any, his religion touches on current or potential issues. There will be a whispering campaign. This can never be met by sinking the voice a little lower.

I had assumed that the fear of the Pope in the White House was merely a symbolic matter, but I have been informed that there actually are voters, not all of them in the mountains, who believe that immediately upon Governor Smith's election the head of the Catholic church would take up residence in the blue room. Naturally no sane man need spend his time in denying this. Just as preposterous, but far more common, is the notion that a Catholic President would abolish the public-school system. This again is palpably silly. One need not even pause to ask, And how would he do it even if it were, by the most ridiculous stretch of the imagination, his desire?

However, it is pertinent and fair to inquire as to whether membership in the Catholic church could possibly affect a President's attitude toward Mexico. This point Governor Smith has answered fully, completely, and convincingly. I think he is as little likely to send armed forces across the border as any man now mentioned for office. It isn't important whether some particular Catholic might be moved to intervene against Calles. We need only concern ourselves with Smith's attitude. There is not the slightest suggestion that as Governor he ever took counsel from any cardinals as to his acts in office. Indeed he pardoned Jim Larkin against the protest of his coreligionists. In the matter of hands off Mexico, Smith can well be expected to lean over backwards.

While it is true that the Governor is Wet it would not be sensible to attribute this to his Catholicism. There are American Catholics as bone dry as any Baptist preacher. Of course the blanket charge will be made that the Catholic church sometimes interferes as a church in American politics. It does; particularly in local politics. The action which the New York police took against a birth-control meeting was inexcusable. But for every piece of Catholic transgression I will agree to furnish ten instances of Baptist and Methodist meddling. A land which has lived with the Anti-Saloon League for these many years has lost its reason if it says it opposes Smith because his church plays politics.

Personally I would prefer to have my favorite candidate Jewish, Unitarian, or agnostic. These are the denominations which meddle least in temporal affairs. But it is too late to convert Al and there is not a scrap of evidence to support a campaign of heffling. America should know Smith well enough by now to realize that he will do his worshiping on his own time.

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Hughes at Havana

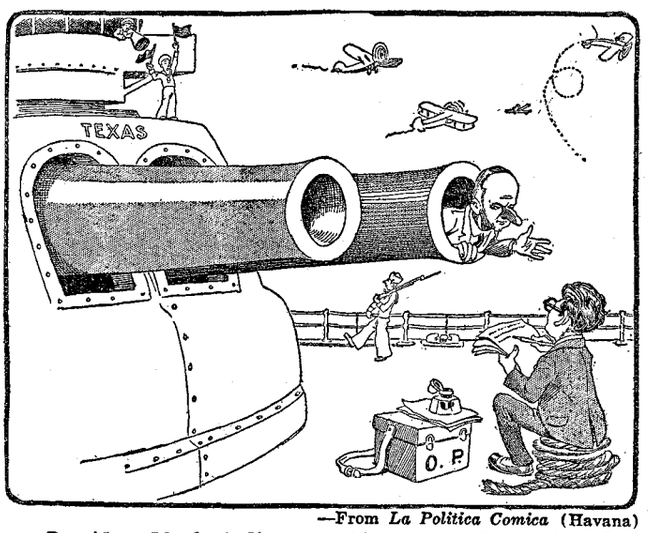
By LEWIS S. GANNETT

I

Havana, January 26

IN the bad old days international conferences were very secret affairs. In the Wilsonian era of "open covenants openly arrived at" plenary sessions of conferences were opened to the public, or at least to the trusted representatives of the press, and, of course, all the real decisions were made in secret committee meetings.

Democracy has advanced another step at Havana. Committee meetings are public. At the public committee meetings the delegates argue boldly and openly such questions as whether the Committee on Economic Affairs shall have a *ponente*, or reporter, on immigration, or whether the resolution on immigration will be left to a *ponente* of another committee, and whether the Committee on Private International Law shall have four or five *ponentes;* they discuss the not-very-burning question of frontier police; and they make long public speeches on the fraternity of peoples. Then the *ponentes* and subcommittees meet in private, iron out some of the knots and wrinkles, and decide to postpone discussion of dangerous subjects to some other conference.



—From *La Politica Comica* (Havana)

President Machado listens to his great and good friend.

It leaves one wondering a bit wearily whether the next Pan-American Conference will decree publicity for subcommittees, and whether the chiefs of delegations will then retire into secret sessions of sub-subcommittees.

II

Felipe A. Espil, counselor of the Argentine Embassy in Washington, a gentleman of parts who succeeds in combining diplomatic subtlety with a sense of humor, was designated to report to the Committee on Communications upon the subject of inter-American automobile traffic. Now, automobile traffic is a less contentious topic than some upon the agenda, but the astute Mr. Espil submitted a report which, he smilingly admits, is a perfect text for this entire Pan-American show:

> WHEREAS, The subject of juridical regulation of inter-American automobile traffic includes the study and solution of technical problems, and
>
> WHEREAS, The First Pan-American Highways Congress, which met in Buenos Aires in 1925, decided to charge the Central Executive Committee of the Pan-American Highways Congresses with the study and preparation of projects for uniform traffic regulations in all the countries members of the Pan-American Union; be it
>
> *Resolved,* To recommend to the Second Pan-American Highways Congress, which will meet in Rio de Janeiro in July, 1928, to formulate the bases of a convention for the international regulation of automobile traffic among the countries members of the Pan-American Union, and that the said bases be submitted to the Governing Board of the Pan-American Union in order that they may be taken into account in preparing the convention which will be formulated and submitted to the governments which are members of the union. It is also recommended that the Second Pan-American Highways Congress formulate a draft of a uniform traffic law, which shall be sent to the Pan-American Union and be transmitted by it to the governments members of the Pan-American Union in order that the principles established in the said project may, so far as possible, be taken into account in the legislation which may in the future be adopted, and that thus gradually the traffic laws in America may tend to approximate uniformity in general principles.

That is a resolution worth study. It provides that this conference do nothing; it recommends that the Pan-American Highways Congress meeting next summer "formulate the bases of a convention," and that then these bases be submitted to the Governing Board (the ambassadors and ministers in Washington) so that it may "take them in account" in formulating another document which will then be submitted to the various governments. In other words, it passes the buck to another conference, asks it to pass the buck to a third body, and the third body to pass it back to the governments. It is safe to predict that Mr. Espil's draft is typical of most of the documents which will emerge from this Sixth Pan-American Conference.

III

It is the unwritten law of this conference that no one shall mention Nicaragua in public, but the delegates enjoy the sport of skating close to controversial issues without actually saying the tabooed word. Home opinion in all countries demands a little noise, and the device of having four committees meet publicly every day affords an abundance of opportunity for speeches intended for home consumption. But no two speeches seem to head in the same direction.

At the Fifth Pan-American Conference in Chile five years ago a Latin-American bloc really sought to express itself and to obtain action upon certain measures. The United States delegation was kept busy running about stopping the leaks. Here there are no leaks. There is no Latin America—there are twenty Latin republics, each pursuing its own individual policy, and seeking to flatter the great

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United States by following Yankee policy upon general questions.

I wrote last week that Argentina might lead an independent move. But Señor Pueyrredon's speech upon the "economic basis of Pan-Americanism" made it plain that such was not the case. He chose for his major address the one topic upon which Argentine interests are most diverse from those of the other Latin countries. Semi-tropical nations do not compete with North American production or come into competition with our tariff; temperate Argentina's beef products do. To object to the high tariff of the United States was a popular move in Argentina and, he may have calculated, would divert some of the anti-American sentiment which usually expresses itself upon the more perilous topic of Nicaragua. But it was not upon the agenda, not important to the other delegations here, and Señor Pueyrredon knew that it would not disturb Mr. Hughes and his colleagues. He was playing safe. Argentina is happy to wash her hands of the Nicaraguan muddle, and she will not disagree with the United States upon the key questions of the conference.

If any republic leads an opposition it will be good old Mexico. Embarrassed as Mexico is by her debt troubles, her delegates see the fundamental issues clearly. They do not fool themselves or let themselves be flattered. Mexico is the one Latin republic with a really powerful labor and peasant movement, and that keeps her vision clear.

Chile, concentrating on the Tacna issue, is opposed to any proposal for compulsory arbitration. On all other issues (except, perhaps, aviation) her delegation acts as if instructed to follow Mr. Hughes's lead. Peru, with the same absorption in Tacna and the same desire for Yankee favors, follows a similar policy. Brazil, Uruguay, Venezuela also dog Mr. Hughes's trail across the agenda. Cuba and Nicaragua are obvious rubber stamps. Panama does not dare act as freely as her able representatives might desire. Haiti is outside the Spanish-language group and is looked down upon as a frankly Negro republic. Colombia is opposed to North-American monopolization of Panama as an air junction, and has a mild desire for a Pan-American Court of Justice, but will not oppose us at any other point. This leaves Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Costa Rica, the Dominican Republic, and Ecuador as the possible basis of a Latin bloc—not much to build upon! Even here there is imperfect agreement. Salvador is content with the World Court at the Hague; Costa Rica, which never joined any of the Hague courts and has resigned from the League of Nations, wants a purely American court. The Dominican Republic opposes the Mexican proposals to reform the constitution of the Pan-American Union.

The net result of this Latin-American diversity of interest is that there is no concerted drive at any goal, and the steady hand of Mr. Hughes is guiding the conference toward its appointed destiny.

IV

This conference will be remembered for President Coolidge and his armada of eight warships and for Mr. Hughes, his voice and his beard. Mr. Hughes has one of the two beards and the finest voice in the conference. He is impressive and genial. He never completes a sentence without an inclusive smile. The delegates like him; they are impressed and flattered by him; they do as he suggests.

I do not mean to say that Mr. Hughes commands. He is an expert diplomat. One of his most successful gestures, trying as it is to the North American newspapermen, was his refusal to waste time having Spanish speeches translated into English. Four languages are represented here, but only Haiti speaks French, only Brazil Portuguese, and only the United States English. Brazil and Haiti at first desired interpretation, but Mr. Hughes waived translation into English, and the conference accordingly proceeds more rapidly. Mr. Fletcher actually addresses his colleagues in Spanish; Dr. Rowe also speaks it. Mr. Hughes understands somewhat, and an interpreter pours a rapid summary into his ear. When he rises he dominates the session. The rustling of papers and the whispering stop. His voice booms out with tremendous volume. He speaks briefly and to the point, and his remarks, both before and after translation, are greeted with a chorus of "muy bueno."

Another successful gesture was his indorsement of Dr. Gustavo Guerrero, the distinguished Salvadorean Foreign Minister, who really cares about the independence of small nations, as chairman of the important Committee on Public International Law. Dr. Guerrero had been making comments on the subject to the press; now, as chairman, he feels honor-bound to silence. A third able act of diplomacy was his frank mention of Nicaragua and Haiti in his speech before the American Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Hughes assumed, without argument, our irresponsible "right" of intervention, but he expressed a modest regret, and he actually spoke the dread word "Nicaragua" in public. By saying "Nicaragua" out loud before any other delegate had screwed his courage to the speaking-point, and by stimulating an attitude of acute diplomatic courtesy, Mr. Hughes has made it exceedingly difficult for any of his colleagues to be rudely frank. He seems to have insinuated into the conference a theory that respect for sovereignty and independence requires avoidance of any issue which might embarrass anyone—particularly the United States.

V

Possibly there is something in the theory of secret diplomacy. Almost any two diplomats together in a closet would come closer to realities than did Ollaya Herrera of Colombia and our Mr. Fletcher in discussing the "right" of the United States, in accord with Panama, to bar non-Yankee planes from the neighborhood of the Canal Zone. Every delegate had a map of the two Americas in mind, and realized that Panama was destined to become as important to air traffic as to sea commerce. Within ten years, possibly sooner, four great airlines will meet there—one from Chile, one from Argentina, one from our own East coast, and one from the West. Panama will be the junction where mail from the two coasts of one continent will be sorted and transshipped.

Colombia is the only South American country with developed air lines. One of her companies is already seeking a landing-field in Panama and plans extensions to Trinidad and Cuba. At the Pan-American Aviation Conference in Washington in May the question came up, and the Latin republics were unanimous against us. They would agree to our establishing our own barred zones, but not to our having privileges in other American countries from which they would be barred. Henry Fletcher, the suave man-of-the-world of the American delegation, offered an amendment to the Washington convention permitting two nations by treaty to close certain zones to all others. He was think-

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ing, of course, of Panama outside the Canal Zone. Herrera was thinking of the Colombian air line, which, backed by German capital, wants a share of the Pan-American air business. The big smiling Colombian and the little smiling North American debated for two hours. But neither of them once mentioned the subject they were debating. They talked general principles. Neither once said "Panama!" In the Communications Committee the word "Panama" is almost as taboo as "Nicaragua" in the Commitee on Public International Law.

VI

The Pan-American Union has its permanent seat in Washington. The Governing Board consists of the ambassadors and ministers accredited to the Government of the United States—which has the right to declare any individual persona non grata. Its director-general has always been a North American; the present director-general is actually a member of the United States delegation. Its chairman has always been the Secretary of State of the United States.

Suppose, for a parallel, that the League of Nations had its seat in London, and that diplomats accredited to the Court of St. James's were the members of its Council; that its chairman was the British Foreign Minister and its Secretary-General a former official of the British Foreign Office. Would it seem rude to suggest a change?

The Mexicans suggested a reform of the Pan-American Union. Suavely and courteously, paying warm personal tributes to the amiable Americans who have occupied official posts, they suggested that Latin countries be permitted to name delegates who were not accredited diplomats, and that the chairman and director-general be elected in rotation from the twenty-one republics. Mr. Hughes seemed to feel hurt. The chairman, he said, had never sought to impose his will upon the Union—which was true enough; Dr. Rowe had made an admirably sympathetic secretary-general—which was equally true. But if Mr. Hughes had been a shade better diplomat, I think, he would have welcomed the Mexican suggestions with only such amendments as the other Latin delegations might have been counted upon to make or even have anticipated them by himself proposing reduction of North-American control of the organization.

VII

Little concrete progress is being made at Havana and little will be made. The delegates cannot agree on the most minor matters. There is no continental urge to unity. Meanwhile the Yankee trade monopoly grows, Yankee capital is sought and granted, and the marines chase Sandino. No one talks of these essentials at Havana. Mr. Hughes has succeeded in engendering an atmosphere of friendship without conceding an iota in policy. It is a diplomatic triumph. But what will happen when the delegates go home?

Covering Washington

The Nation's *Biweekly Washington Letter*

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C., January 30

HARDLY a week had elapsed after the Standard Oil Company's formal declaration of a world-wide price-cutting war upon the Royal Dutch-Shell, before Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, doubtless stirred by deep patriotic impulses, hurled the navy into the fray on the side of the Standard. Learning that the Honolulu company which leases and operates Naval Reserve No. 2 in California was selling a large share of its product to Shell, the indignant Secretary appointed a board of Rear Admirals to investigate and recommend "remedial" measures. In other words, he intervened in the private oil war to shut off one contestant from an important source of supply. In contemplating the impropriety of such an act it is well to remember that British Government officials are among the largest owners of stock in the Dutch-Shell—a circumstance which prompted British officials to announce, at the outset, that their government would keep hands off in this conflict of industrial giants. No such good sense hampered Secretary Wilbur. Whether he was imposed upon by Standard influence, or whether he was merely guilty of another gratuitous blunder, is not known.

* * * * *

WHAT everyone had suspected, but no one could prove, was admitted by M. T. Everhart, who broke his long silence and told the Senate Public Lands Committee that the $233,000 in Liberty bonds received by his father-in-law, Albert B. Fall, in 1922, came straight from the hands of Harry F. Sinclair, to whom Fall, as Secretary of the Interior, had just leased the Teapot Dome naval oil reserve. He added something new, namely, that Fall also had received cash "loans" totaling $35,000 from Sinclair, for which no notes were given. Everhart insisted that the bonds were in payment for a one-third interest in Fall's ranch, and that the "loans" were advanced for the purpose of improving the property. He did not explain why, if this was true, he had on two previous occasions refused to tell it, on the ground that his testimony might incriminate him. Stranger still, Senator Walsh did not ask him that question. Everhart contributed much to the gaiety of the capital by explaining that Sinclair and Fall intended to convert the ranch into a club. The project never got any further than the passage of $268,000 in cash and bonds from Sinclair to Fall, but if it ever does progress, we suggest a name, "The Teapot Dome Club for the Relief of Indigent Cabinet Officers." Compared with this yarn, Doheny's story of the

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$100,000 cash "loan" in "the little black bag" sounds really plausible. Sinclair and Fall have moved somewhat nearer to the penitentiary.

* * * * *

THE Committee, however, has still to learn who got the remainder of the $3,000,000 corruption fund amassed by Sinclair and his associates. Extravagant rumors are afloat, and it is whispered in the Press Gallery that "this thing reaches so high that it never will come out." Colonel Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, is one of the four men who might tell, but—and for the second time—when his testimony is needed he is found to be on urgent business in Latin America. However, after Senator Walsh had read into the hearings a report of the Colonel's doings at the Jockey Club and the Yacht Club, in Havana, as reported in the society columns of the Havana *Post*, it was announced that he was returning to the States forthwith, and would submit himself to the committee within a week. Blackmer and O'Neill frankly are fugitives in Europe. The fourth man, Sinclair, has a genuinely valid reason for not testifying—unwillingness to give self-incriminating testimony.

* * * * *

SENATOR NORRIS rose in the Senate the other day and spoke what was on the minds of many other persons concerning the conduct of Justice Siddons in the contempt trial growing out of the Fall-Sinclair jury-fixing conspiracy. Instantly the gallant but well-paid legal defenders of the accused jury-fixers rushed to the defense of the assailed jurist and lavished their most furious invective upon the Senator who would attempt to influence the administration of even-handed justice to Sinclair, Burns, and their hirelings. Ex-Judge Daniel Thew Wright, whose claim to fame on the bench rests chiefly on his unsuccessful attempt to jail Samuel Gompers, Frank W. Morrison, and John Mitchell for alleged violation of his injunction in the Buck stove case, led the chorus of the outraged barristers. Martin W. Littleton and Judge Charles A. Douglass chimed in with expressions of horror over Senator Norris's unspeakable crime. One could hardly read their statements, published fully in Ned McLean's Washington *Post*, without reaching the conclusion that Mr. Norris, instead of the persecuted Sinclair, should go to the penitentiary.

* * * * *

THE urgent need for searching investigation of the gigantic power trust which dominates the country's public utilities could not have been more convincingly demonstrated than by the frantic efforts of the trust's Washington lobby to block the investigation proposed in the resolution of Senator Walsh of Montana. It furnished prima facie evidence that there must be something concealed which the nation should know about promptly.

The lame ducks, Lenroot of Wisconsin and Thomas of Colorado, were rushed to Capitol Hill to impress upon their former colleagues the disastrous consequences that would surely follow in the wake of the proposed investigation. Allied with ex-Secretary of the Treasury George B. Cortelyou, they did their best to have the Walsh resolution shelved or emasculated. Mr. Lenroot, whose delicate sensibilities were sorely wounded several years ago when his colleagues took him to task for secretly trying to show Albert B. Fall a way out of the Teapot Dome scandal, proved himself so insensible to the proprieties of his position that he did not hesitate to take advantage of his privileges as an ex-Senator to invade the floor and cloakrooms of the Senate.

Cynical old-timers could hardly repress a smile as they watched those battle-scarred comrades-in-arms of the Mulhall days, Jim Watson and Jim Emery, agreeing that the liberties of the people would be jeopardized by the inquiry. Watson, now the head of the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, listened sympathetically to Emery, still the representative of the National Manufacturers' Association, singing the old familiar hokum, "States' rights." To those who find it difficult to understand the solicitude of Jim Watson and the Manufacturers' Association for States' rights, we commend the ancient maxim: "Any port in a storm."

* * * * *

SENATOR BORAH promises an investigation of the Nicaraguan situation by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, of which he is chairman. He should head the subcommittee which makes the inquiry. An investigating committee composed of the Republican Tories and Bourbon Democrats which comprise an overwhelming majority of the Foreign Relations Committee would be worse than none at all. On Nicaragua, at least, Borah's performances have always been up to his promises.

There is no doubt that Congress is becoming increasingly restless over Nicaragua. Sympathy for the Nicaraguans probably is no deeper or more widespread among Congressmen than among their constituents, but there is a sentiment which is deeply and generally held in that body—jealousy of its powers. One of these is the sole power to declare war. War is being waged in Nicaragua, and Congress did not declare it—hence the growing determination to learn who did, and why. This curiosity, of course, is purely academic, since every member knows that Coolidge and Kellogg declared this war. The jealousy, however, is genuine, and a genuine jealousy, operating through an academic curiosity, is capable of producing an embarrassing investigation.

* * * * *

EXPERT opinion in the capital is pretty well convinced by now that Senator Tom Heflin of Alabama is aiming to run for President on a Klan ticket in case the Democrats nominate Governor Al Smith. In addition, it is pretty well convinced that Heflin, by his attacks on Smith and the Catholics, has made the nomination of Smith almost inevitable. The prospect of a divided Democratic Party in the next campaign instantly inspires pictures of a Republican victory even more overwhelming than those of four and eight years ago. But there is another side to the picture. It is pointed out that the real strength of the Klan in recent years has been, not among Southern Democrats but among Middle Western and Northwestern Republicans. There are seasoned politicians who declare that the presence of a Klan candidate in the field would be less likely to result in Georgia, Alabama, Texas, or Arkansas going Republican than in Indiana, Ohio, Iowa, or Oregon going Democratic. They argue that the Republican Klansmen of the Middle West and Northwest have demonstrated far more willingness to stand by the Klan regardless of party ties than the Democratic Klansmen of the South have shown. And they are more numerous.

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Lenin—A Legend in the Making

By JOSHUA KUNITZ

IN the literature and folklore published in Soviet Russia the figure of Lenin has been gradually assuming legendary proportions. The proletarian poetaster and the Communist Party member, the Ukrainian soil-tiller and Archangel fisherman, the Siberian nomad and the Caucasian mountaineer have all contributed toward the creation of an image of a mighty giant, an epic hero.

Many elements have entered into the creation of this legend. Besides the actual, authentic personality of Lenin, there has been, of course, the ever-present urge of people to find fulfilment in myths and legends, in saints and heroes, and the deliberate encouragement of this urge by the most influential and articulate group in Russia, the Communist Party. Furthermore, the grandeur of the historical setting was, no doubt, an important contributory factor. Lenin's name and work have been associated with the most crucial and picturesque period in the history of Russia. His was the central figure in a monumental drama. His compatriots saw him rise in the lurid glare of storms and conflagrations, of wars and revolutions. He passed out of the scene before the everyday light of the reconstruction period had become so prosaic as to render his silhouette more nearly commensurate with his actual dimensions. He was spared the irritations, failures, and humiliations, the jealousies and the criticisms within the party that have brought the once adored Trotzky to the estate of a dangerous heretic, a spurned Messiah. Lenin, dead, has become the most potent of rulers. "Lenin," "Leninism," "the spirit of Lenin" are words constantly invoked by the dominant group in justification of various, often contradictory, policies and dogmas. Lenin has been virtually canonized. Every clubhouse, every meeting-room, every factory has its Lenin corner. Here the icon has given place to the portrait of Lenin; the Bible, to his "Collected Works." The Lenin mausoleum on the Red Square in Moscow has become a Mecca for countless thousands of devout pilgrims. Indeed, the worship of Lenin seems to have become the moral equivalent of religion and patriotism.

Naturally, all this has found its way into the imaginative literature of the period. The fumbling "little man," described by H. G. Wells, "who, when he sat on the edge of his chair, his feet scarcely touched the ground," has been seized upon as the subject of numerous heroic poems, stories, and legends. Most of these products are artistically worthless, only a few are possessed of genuine literary merit. Their significance lies mainly in the affectionate attitude they reveal. Many of them are as cloyingly sentimental as our own story about little George and the hatchet. In one such story, for example, we see Lenin as a little boy hilariously releasing "birdies" from a cage, in another, as a modest young man helping a poor peasant buy gifts for the peasant's family. In stories of this genre there is usually a crude though touching attempt at a very obvious and one-sided kind of realism. One constantly encounters wearisome references to Lenin's squinting eye and raised eyebrow, his old cap and shabby costume, his warmth and his friendliness. "Lenin is like a bulldog; he has a deadly bite," once said Vera Zasulich, Lenin's coworker for many years. But the Communist fiction writer overlooks this aspect of the master's personality; he dwells on the simple, the approachable, the Christ-like in Lenin. "In his presence," one writer says, "one is enveloped by a strange dizziness that embraces one in a peculiar human way, like something very, very near; as if this man were one's elder brother." And in Vaska of Alexander Street, a story about a Communist soldier, we see Lenin stoop over Vaska, the dying Red hero:

> Vaska looks into Ilyich's face, and Ilyich's eyes are big, soft. "Permit me," Vaska says, "to embrace you and kiss you, Comrade Ilyich."
>
> The eyes of Ilyich grow bigger, softer . . .
>
> "Well," he says, "let's kiss."
>
> Vaska embraces Ilyich's broad shoulders, presses his lips to the ground, and dies. . . .

In addition to Lenin the sympathetic comrade, the elder brother, there is Lenin the *bogatyr*, the hero, the savior. This image of the Communist leader is the more prevalent and is particularly pronounced in all the stories and poems treating of him as the champion of the subject peoples of the East. Now he brings hope to the oppressed Georgians, now to a little Hindu boy, now to a hungry and beaten Chinese coolie. The coolie faints when he hears of the death of Lenin:

> Lenin is dead. But what does it mean?
> But how about the Chinese coolies?

In one Oriental chant we read that at the moment when Lenin was born into the world, he saw Man's woe and he sighed. The earth heard that sigh, and people knew that he was born. . . . And Lenin walked from hamlet to hamlet, from door to door; he beheld Man's suffering, and his heart began to glow with a great hatred and a great love. . . . Lenin gave his heart to the people. And the heart sent forth countless sparks. And each spark was brighter than a bonfire at night. And people saw the way to happiness. . . . In another chant Lenin is described as a hero born of the moon and a star, using the magic powers he inherited from his parents to overcome the monster-dragon that lay on the road to happiness. In still another, he very ingeniously outwits the White Czar. In one Eastern legend Lenin rises to colossal stature; he "splits" mountains.

> . . . And on the sixth year, when the earth was free of lords and of slaves, Lenin vanished. . . . And when people saw that Lenin was no more, they said that he died. But Lenin has not died. He remembers the testament of his teacher, Khatto-Bash; he is seeking happiness in the mountains. Men see the earth shaking, and they say it is an earthquake. No, it is Lenin splitting mountains in his search for the little rod, in his search for happiness and truth. . . . And when he finds the little rod, then all peoples, yellow and black and white, will live happily. No one will worry about his fate, for all fates will be alike. No one will ask why life is so sweet, because no one will know that life can be bitter. . . .

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The legend of Lenin is still in the making. For many years to come the peoples of Russia will go on weaving glowing tales about his hallowed name. And alongside of the historical, authentic figure, popular fancy will have gradually created Lenin the symbol, Lenin the objectification of the hopes and aspirations, the dreams and the yearnings of the Russian masses.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has never been impressed by the idea of elections being "supervised" in one country—usually a small one—by representatives of another country—usually a large one and, it must be confessed, often the United States. Therefore he is willing to believe all the implications that lie behind a letter on his desk from Mr. L. J. de Bekker, on the subject of an election conducted some years ago by the United States Marine Corps in Haiti.

Some ten years ago [writes Mr. de Bekker], on a fine January morning, the French liner on which I had sailed from Santiago de Cuba for Port au Prince put in at a small port in Haiti to take on coffee. A sergeant of marines came aboard to take in beer, and I felt it my duty to assist him, the beer being excellent and his conversation most enlightening. He was, he told me, in charge of a district with a population of more than 100,000, of whom not more than two or three could speak English, while his French was of the table d'hote variety, somewhat spiced. They called him "Monsieur le Grand Prévot," he explained, while he called them "damned niggers," being of Southern extraction, though not of the type whose forbears had been slave-owners. He was tremendously impressed with his responsibility, and with the difficulty of the position into which he had been forced, and was, I gathered from his talk, earnestly desirous of administering justice impartially, of maintaining the peace. He knew nothing of the laws and customs of the people, nor was he of their religion; and he knew nothing of the civil government or laws of his own country, but he seemed to me clean, decent, honest, and heartily glad of an opportunity to talk frankly with a white man, and to drink American beer.

* * * * *

AN election was to take place tomorrow, he explained, and he was expecting to be extremely busy, so it was a matter of luck to have the Mount Vernon put in when it did. He didn't expect any real trouble at the election, but it was the sort of thing he did not know much about, having been in the Marine Corps a good many years, and never having seen an election at home. He had received a letter of instructions, however, from the Marine Headquarters in Port au Prince, and it all looked very easy. There were two sets of candidates to be voted for, and it was thought best in Port au Prince that there should be a show of competition. He couldn't get ballots printed, because there was no press in the district and no time to send to Port au Prince, so he planned to distribute slips of white and colored paper to the electors, the white ballots to be for the candidates supposed to be favorable to the American Occupation, the colored ones for the opposition. "All the Haitians," he said, "know that an election is to be held, and that they are expected to vote. Signs have been posted in French in various places, and the people who can read pass the word to those who can't."

* * * * *

AND so I missed seeing the last election for members of the National Assembly in the République d'Haïti, "free and indivisible," for while the independent electorate of the republic was registering its sovereign will under the aegis of the United States Marine Corps, I was still upon the sea. But the next day, upon landing at the capital, I was told that the commanding officer of the Occupation, General Eli Kelley Cole, was much gratified at learning that a *majority favorable to the Americans* had been chosen, and that there had been no disorders of any kind during election day in any part of the country.

* * * * *

SINCE that time there have been practically no elections in Haiti, although it would be obviously a simple matter to arrange one at any time. But the facts as Mr. de Bekker sets them forth give one pause in considering the coming election in Nicaragua. When it resolves itself into a mere matter of white and colored slips of paper, with a Marine Corps rifle as a background, one wonders why it is necessary to subdue a "bandit" chief before the election can be held.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Lyman Beecher and the Skunk

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Lyman Beecher, the father of Henry Ward Beecher, as a young man could not see a fish but he must catch it, a partridge or a rabbit but he must shoot it. One moonlight night, as he was going to visit his sweetheart Roxanna Foote with a copy of "Edwards on the Religious Affections" under his arm, a little rabbit ran across the path in front of him. Having no other weapon, he knocked it over with Jonathan Edwards's ponderous logic. But in fact it was not a rabbit but a skunk, and it dealt with Lyman as a skunk will.

Many years afterwards in Boston when he was assailed with lies and slanders Lyman Beecher refused to make any reply in the newspapers, saying "I threw a whole volume at a skunk once! I'll never do it again! It's no use!" It was a wise conclusion! No skunk ever did anyone serious harm in person or reputation. CHARLES EDWARD STOWE

Santa Barbara, California, December 25

"City of Brotherly Love"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Philadelphia is in Pennsylvania, and, roughly speaking, in the North. On Locust Street, between Thirteenth Street and Broad Street, stands the Russian Inn. Round the corner is the Negro section.

A student at Lincoln University, who was with me last summer in Russia, stopped in Philadelphia on his way back from a speaking engagement. Having a few hours for a chat, we picked the Russian Inn.

We placed our coats on the rack near the entrance. The hostess arose from her chair and eyed me with utter amazement. Her eyes said: "Now you, above all people, should have more sense than to do this. Shame on you!" But she said nothing. Instead she tapped the proprietor, who was sitting at a table with some friends, on the shoulder. He arose and said to us: "Do you want to use the telephone?"

"Yes. And please reserve a table for us."

"I'm sorry, but we can't do that."

"Why?"

"Just so."

My friend was amused and took it philosophically.

"I wasn't treated this way in Russia," he said.

As we left the place he smiled. "Sol," he said, "I see you know nothing about your own country." My friend is a Negro.

Philadelphia, December 24 SOL AUERBACH

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Add North Dakota

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your recent editorial, Debts of Justice: Unpaid, declared that "only California and Wisconsin have provided laws to indemnify the unfortunate victims of mistakes in the administration of criminal law."

May I call your attention to a law (Chap. 172 Session Laws of 1917) in which North Dakota also makes some provision for the relief of those wrongfully imprisoned. The board established by this law has authority to indemnify victims at the rate of $1,500 per year, up to a total of $2,000. For sums over $2,000 the board must have the approval of the legislature.

Fairdale, N. D., December 14 ALBERT LUNDBERG

As You Like It

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The correspondent of the New York *Times*, Mr. Richard V. Oulahan, described the arrival of Mr. Coolidge at Havana as follows:

> Big guns boomed salutes and a multitude of people cheered with the enthusiasm born of an intensive Latin nature. . . . Shouting men, women, and children, crowding the roofs and balconies . . . added their share to the demonstration. . . . There was no cessation of enthusiasm from the moment the battleship Texas . . . was sighted off the city.

The correspondent of the New York *Times*, Mr. Simeon Strunsky, described the arrival of Mr. Coolidge at Havana as follows:

> They were cordial rather than feverish in their salutations, maintaining at the peak of the President's visit the note of unostentatious good-will which is encountered by the tourist who arrives by less humble means of transit than an American battleship. This I take to be the normal attitude of the Cuban people to the Northerners.

It is more or less understandable when the New York *Times* correspondents in Moscow and Bucharest fail to agree in their accounts of an event in the Ukraine. This naturally follows from the theory that all news is fit to print. Such journalistic eclecticism accounts for the wide circulation of the New York *Times*, wherein any man may find what he will. Yet it will trouble the future historian who seeks to learn from the *Times* what manner of reception greeted Mr. Coolidge in Havana.

New York, January 16 MAURICE FONTAINE

Religion in the Schools

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A few days ago my eight-year-old nephew came home from Public School 217 and brought a paper, issued by the teacher, which read as follows:

> WEEK DAY RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION
> PROTESTANT-CATHOLIC-HEBREW
>
> To the Parent or Guardian:
>
> Catholics, Hebrews, and Protestants in our city are agreed that the need for religious instruction today is of vital concern.
>
> To meet this need they are promoting weekday schools of Religious Instruction for children of public school age in their respective places of worship after school hours.
>
> Will you please sign your name in the space below and have your child return this note to his or her Public School Teacher?

A list of religious schools followed to be checked by the parent. This paper was disregarded. But we were not to be permitted to disregard it. It was demanded again and again.

I should like to find out since when are our public schools to act as agents for religious schools? Since when have our public school teachers to recommend religious instruction? Had their act been only philanthropic in character, that is, had they simply given a list of religious schools to aid those parents who desire to have their children instructed there, it would not be so bad. But it seems that this is not the case. They require back the papers with signatures on them. Now, if the paper is simply to aid those parents who wish religious instruction for their children, why should these papers be signed and returned to the teacher? Can't the parents find the place themselves after having been given the name and address of the school? If this practice is allowed we will soon have our public school teachers recommending military-training schools, Boy Scouts organizations, and many others of similar character.

Brooklyn, January 18 CARL BLANK

Contributors to This Issue

The Unofficial Spokesman is *The Nation's* Washington correspondent.

LEWIS S. GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation*, is contributing from Havana a series of articles on the Pan-American Conference.

JOSHUA KUNITZ is lecturer in Russian literature at the City College of New York.

SCOTT NEARING, economist and teacher, has frequently contributed to *The Nation*.

ROBERT FROST is author of "North of Boston," "New Hampshire," and other volumes.

ROBINSON JEFFERS is author of "Roan Stallion" and "The Women of Point Sur."

JAMES RORTY is author of "Children of the Sun."

JOSEPH JASTROW is author of numerous works on psychology.

CLINCH CALKINS will publish in the fall a volume of poetry called "Verse."

MARY AUSTIN lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico, and is the author of many volumes of prose and poetry.

BABETTE DEUTSCH is author of "Banners" and "Honey Out of the Rock."

STUART CHASE is co-author of "Your Money's Worth."

CLAUDE G. BOWERS is author of "Jefferson and Hamilton."

J. A. HOBSON is a foremost British economist and the author of "Conditions of Industrial Peace."

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is a well-known contributor to American magazines.

WILLIAM MACDONALD frequently reviews works in politics and history for *The Nation*.

HENDRIK VAN LOON is the author of "Tolerance" and "America."

ALICE BEAL PARSONS is the author of "Woman's Dilemma."

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, professor of economics at Wellesley College, was formerly associate editor of *The Nation*.

WALTER GUTMAN recently reviewed "The Game of Research" for *The Nation*.

VAN WYCK BROOKS, American critic, is author among other books of "America's Coming of Age" and "The Ordeal of Mark Twain."

W. NORMAN BROWN is in the department of Sanscrit at the University of Pennsylvania.

THERESA WOLFSON is author of "The Woman Worker and the Trade Union."

H. B. HAGGIN has contributed several articles on musical criticism to *The Nation*.

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International Relations Section

Imperial Hongkong

By SCOTT NEARING

Hongkong, November 10

HONGKONG is a symbol. In a sense it sums up the relations between the imperialists and China during the past eighty years.

The rugged, steep-sided Island of Hongkong, thirty square miles in area, was taken from China by Great Britain as a result of the First Opium War (1839-1842). Eighteen years later, at the close of the Second Opium War, a strip of territory on the neighboring mainland—Kowloon—was also seized by the British. Between Hongkong and Kowloon lies one of the finest and most beautiful harbors in the world, deep, spacious, completely surrounded by high hills. The Port of Hongkong lies at the gateway of South China. To it comes the commerce of Europe, the Americas, and Asia.

Although the Island of Hongkong is rough and inaccessible, the British have done wonders with its limited possibilities. Docks and warehouses are ample and modern. The British city has fine buildings, wide, clean streets, excellent hotels, a good water system, a first-class street car and ferry service. Bridges and terraces have been constructed and splendid roads run to various parts of the island.

Grim fortifications overlook Hongkong. Imperial battleships ride at anchor in its harbor. Airplanes circle. Indian and British regiments come and go. Hongkong is the Gibraltar of the East, alive with drilling, parading, maneuvering soldiers and sailors. Hongkong is prepared for military activities with a thoroughness never attained by any Chinese city. Shops, warehouses, docks; cruisers, guns; organized business and organized might embody the work of the imperialists at Hongkong.

Thus, in a few decades, Great Britain made of Hongkong what the Chinese might not have made of it in centuries, a modern commercial center of the first magnitude.

Hongkong is not all British. Quite the contrary. The population consists of 8,359 Europeans, 4,497 other non-Chinese peoples, and 610,368 Chinese. The workers on the docks, in the warehouses, on the streets, in the stone-quarries, on the new construction, all are Chinese. The small shop-keepers are generally Chinese. Even in the foreign-controlled stores Chinese clerks are employed. Hundreds of small Chinese craft work-shops turn out furniture, baskets, matting, leather-goods, tin-ware, shoes, lanterns, coffins, wooden tubs. Chinese jewelers design and execute their intricate, delicate patterns in jade, ivory, gold. Many of the larger jobbing houses are Chinese, as are some of the more important financial institutions. Non-Chinese control only the big business, and not all of that. Economically, Hongkong is almost wholly a Chinese city.

Most of Hongkong—the part where the Chinese live and do business—lies near the harbor-level in a sort of pocket under the hills. The steep slopes run almost to the water's edge. From the narrow, level strip along the water-front—the business center of Hongkong—the streets begin to climb more and more steeply, until, as foot-ways, they emerge on the high points and rocky shoulders that overlook purple-green hills and blue water spread out for miles below.

Down in the harbor bottom the summer days are hot—terribly hot. Sometimes it is equally terrible by night. Along the hillsides breezes almost always blow. High up there on the slopes, above the noise and sweat of docks and shops and busy streets, live the Europeans. In hotels, apartment houses, private mansions, and the Governor's Palace they live on the best that Hongkong has to offer of food, service, comfort, of light, air, and beauty of earth and sky.

Motor cars and rickshas cannot climb directly up the steep slopes to the living quarters of the Europeans but two coolies, with a sedan chair between them, can accomplish the ascent in a surprisingly short time. Besides there is a cable road, running all the way to the top, with cheap commutation rates for regular passengers. Thus the Europeans are able to get from their offices at the water-level to their mountain homes with expedition and little effort.

All of the traffic up the hill-side does not go in sedan chairs and cable cars, however. There is also a freight road up the side of the hill—a foot-path so steep that on wet days it is almost unwalkable in spots despite the fact that it is excellently paved with scored asphalt and cement.

Along this freight road toil the carriers of Hongkong: men and women and children, with food, tools, materials, utensils. A man goes by with a carrying-pole. One end of the pole is fastened to a bag of cement; the other to a bundle of brick. A second carrier swings past with two baskets of vegetables dangling from the ends of his pole. Two women come around a bend in the path. Between them they are carrying a big basket of fruit. Three women follow them, lugging five bundles of bamboo poles that are to be used for a scaffolding near the top of the hill. One woman hooks her carrying pole to a bundle of bamboo, tugs it up for thirty or forty yards, sets it down, unhooks her pole, and goes back for one of the other bundles. With their five bundles, these three women make less than a quarter of a mile in an hour. The sun beats down intolerably as they sweat and pant and labor on up the heavy grade. A man goes by with a set of tin-smith's tools on one end of his carrying-pole and some sheet-iron on the other. Thus the procession passes from early morning until dark, and thus material for the building and maintenance of the high, pleasant houses finds its way from the harbor-level up the stubborn hill-side, on the backs of the Chinese people.

The sun sets. Night falls. The long line of human pack-animals that has fought against the exhausting heat and the steep hill all day long stops to rest. Down in the Chinese city the air is still dull and heavy with the burning heat of brick and stone and cement that have stood all day under a merciless sun. The narrow streets swarm with people who walk and fan themselves. Hundreds of Chinese workers spread their strips of matting along the edges of the pavements close to the fronts of the closed stores and prepare to pass the night. A woman sits under one of the arches of the Post Office. On the matting beside her there are three little children. The oldest may be six. Two sleep soundly. The youngest is restless. His head is bound with a cloth. The mother, watching anxiously as he moves from side to side, strokes his hand, murmurs something to him, and looks about helplessly. She sees nothing except the few scraps left from their pavement-supper, turns back resignedly, and falls to stroking his hand again.

That is Hongkong.

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MIDWINTER BOOK SECTION

The Nation

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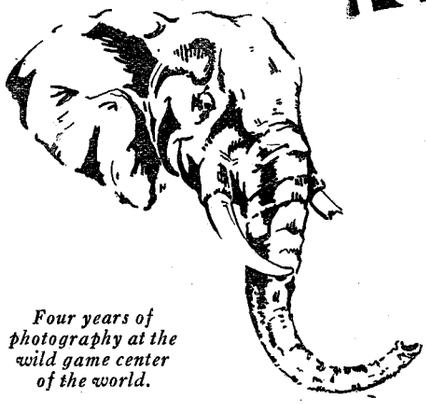

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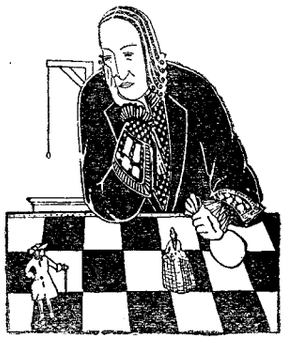

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Midwinter Book Section

Two Poems

By ROBERT FROST

The Armful

For every parcel I stoop down to seize
I lose some other off my arms and knees.
And the whole pile is slipping, bottles, buns,
Extremes too hard to comprehend at once.
Yet nothing one would like to leave behind.
With all I have to hold with, hand and mind
And heart, if need be, I will do my best
To keep their building balanced at my breast.
I crouch down to prevent them as they fall;
Then sit down in the middle of them all.
I had to drop the armful in the road
And try to stack them in a better load.

Blood

Blood has been harder to dam back than water.
Just when we think we have it impounded safe
Behind new barrier walls—and let it chafe!—
It breaks away in some new kind of slaughter.
We choose to say it is let loose by the Devil;
But power of blood itself releases blood.
It goes by might of being such a flood
Held high at so unnatural a level.
It will have outlet, brave and not so brave.
Weapons of war and tools of trade and peace
Are merely points at which it finds release.
And now it is once more the tidal wave
That when it has swept by leaves summits stained.
Oh, blood will out! It cannot be contained.

Thomas Hardy, Poet

By MARK VAN DOREN

ONE reason, and the chief reason, for the rank in poetry achieved by Thomas Hardy before he died was that his poems were interesting. His only competitor for the highest rank of all among twentieth-century British poets, William Butler Yeats, is in certain aspects more admirable, and this can be demonstrated by reference to known laws of excellence; but Mr. Yeats is not quite so interesting, and therefore, if one is allowed to call in a consideration seldom applied these days to the criticism of poetry, not quite so good. There is actually the implication behind much discussion of the art that in proportion as a poet becomes interesting he becomes bad—interesting, I mean, in general, interesting to laymen, interesting for what he says, interesting for whatever in his poetry might have been prose, and is indeed prose when it is put in other words than the author's. I am very well aware of the desperation which pushes critics into talk about "pure" poetry, and I sympathize with their steadfastness in preferring it to the real thing. But if poetry is in a bad way just now, and there are those who say it is, is this not because of its very purity, its admirable aridity, its unwillingness to compete with other forms of literature on some kind of human ground? With fiction, for instance.

There is reason for the fact that fiction today threatens to put down poetry, that a novelist finds thousands of readers to a poet's hundreds. And this fact has something, I suspect, to do with the eminence of Hardy as a poet. For he was both novelist and poet. He began and ended with verse, which always he called his favorite form of expression; but he did know how to tell stories about human beings, he did know how to make himself seem one, and he could do these things either in prose or in verse—both vehicles being enriched by a mind and an eye bent exclusively upon important and exciting subjects. Certainly his poems in all but a few cases tell or suggest stories. He had a lyric gift, as can be seen in his country songs and in the piece called Let Me Enjoy (Minor Key):

> Let me enjoy the earth no less
> Because the all-enacting Might
> That fashioned forth its loveliness
> Had other aims than my delight.
>
> About my path there flits a Fair,
> Who throws me not a word or sign;
> I'll charm me with her ignoring air,
> And laud the lips not meant for mine.
>
> From manuscripts of moving song
> Inspired by scenes and dreams unknown,
> I'll pour out raptures that belong
> To others, as they were my own.

But even these lines, which by the way ought to be sufficient refutation of the legend that Hardy could not write "smoothly" when it served his purpose to do so, have a narrative reference. They refer to the story, running throughout the man's poetry, of his successive adjustments to the universe. They recall the earlier stanza in Nature's Questioning, where the elements of earth are represented as being overheard by him as they ask:

> Has some Vast Imbecility,
> Mighty to build and blend,
> But impotent to tend,
> Framed us in jest, and left us now to hazardry?
>
> Or come we of an Automaton
> Unconscious of our pains? . . .
> Or are we live remains
> Of godhead dying downwards, brain and eye now gone?

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The last line there is so highly characteristic of Hardy that it might be made the point of departure for a description of his whole process as a poet. At his best he always saw things this way, and reported them so—with a certain difficulty, as if he peered through mist at something solid and definite beyond, something which was solid and definite because of the very pains required to see it at all. Thus it was that he saw—not, I think, imagined—Drummer Hodge lying dead in South Africa after the Boer War,

> His homely Northern breast and brain
> Grown to some Southern tree,
> And strange-eyed constellations reign
> His stars eternally.

Thus it was that he remembered the Roman road whereon he had walked as a boy with his mother:

> The Roman Road runs straight and bare
> As the pale parting-line in hair
> Across the heath.

He remembered it precisely that way, and so would seek no pretty image less weird or less real than the one he already had. He saw, in The Convergence of the Twain, the Titanic drawing nearer, mile by ocean mile, to its "twin half" in "one august event"—an iceberg. And in the poem called Near Lanivet, 1872, he looked, as it were, clear through a woman and through something she leaned against.

> There was a stunted handpost just on the crest,
> Only a few feet high:
> She was tired, and we stopped in the twilight-time for her rest,
> At the crossways close thereby.
>
> She leant back, being so weary, against its stem,
> And laid her arms on its own,
> Each open palm stretched out to each end of them,
> Her sad face sideways thrown. . . .
>
> And we dragged on and on, while we seemed to see
> In the running of Time's far glass
> Her crucified, as she wondered if she might be
> Some day—Alas, alas!

Many of Hardy's stories in verse—The Curate's Kindness, The Flirt's Tragedy, The Face at the Casement, The Moth-Signal, The Satin Shoes, and Satires of Circumstance—are melodramatic in a way that must always have seemed old-fashioned. He himself was an incorrigible melodramatist, in prose as well as in verse. But I honor him for such a fault, if fault it is. For it is a guaranty of his central virtue, a determination to be interesting; and it is only the reverse side of a man who after all did see the world with luminous eyes and did grasp it in a plastic hand. The man who in "The Dynasts" looked down and beheld Europe as "a prone and emaciated figure, the Alps shaping like a backbone, and the branching mountain-chains like ribs, the peninsular plateau of Spain forming a head" saw more or less, perhaps, than he should have seen; but what he saw one does not forget. One does not forget Hardy's poems, though the novels, the farther they recede into the background, tend the more to pay the penalty of their complexity—the greatest novels being both longer and simpler than his. The poems, crudely worded as many of them are, invariably escape triviality; they stand there old and strong, made out of some personal metal that no other poet will ever use or need to use.

Poems

By ROBINSON JEFFERS

Hurt Hawks

I

The broken pillar of the wing jags from the clotted shoulder,
The wing trails like a banner in defeat,
No more to use the sky forever but live with famine
And pain a few days: cat nor coyote
Will shorten the week of waiting for death, there is game without talons.
He stands under the oak-bush and waits
The lame feet of salvation; at night he remembers freedom
And flies in a dream, the dawns ruin it.
He is strong and pain is worse to the strong, incapacity is worse.
The curs of the day come and torment him
At distance, no power but death the redeemer will humble that head,
The intrepid readiness, the terrible eyes.
The wild God of the world is sometimes merciful to those
That ask mercy, not often to the arrogant.
You do not know him, you communal people, or you have forgotten him;
Intemperate and savage, the hawk remembers him;
Beautiful and wild, the hawks, and men that are dying, remember him.

II

I'd sooner, except the penalties, kill a man than a hawk; but the great redtail
Had nothing left but unable misery
From the bones too shattered for mending, the wing that trailed under his talons when he moved.
We had fed him six weeks, I gave him freedom,
He wandered over the foreland hill and returned in the evening, asking for death,
Not like a beggar, still eyed with the old
Implacable arrogance. I gave him the lead gift in the twilight. What fell was relaxed,
Owl-downy, soft feminine feathers: but what
Soared: the fierce rush: the night-herons by the flooded river cried fear at its rising
Before it was quite unsheathed from reality.

To a Young Artist

It is good for strength not to be merciful
To its own weakness, good for the deep urn to run over, good to explore
The peaks and the deeps, who can endure it,
Good to be hurt, who can be healed afterward: but you that have whetted consciousness
Too bitter an edge, too keenly daring,
So that the color of a leaf can make you tremble and your own thoughts like harriers
Tear the live mind: were your bones mountains,
Your blood rivers to endure it? and all that labor of discipline labors to death.
Delight is exquisite, pain is more present;

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You have sold the armor, you have bought shining with
burning, one should be stronger than strength
To fight baresark in the stabbing field
In the rage of the stars: the world's unconsciousness is the
treasure, the tower, the fortress;
Referred to that one may live anything;
The temple and the tower: poor dancer on the flints and
shards in the temple porches turn home.

The Realm of Proust

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ONE of the earliest English commentators upon the work of Marcel Proust was disturbed by what he regarded as a moral obtuseness on the part of the author, and in support of his contention that Proust lacked the most elementary sense of honor or decency he pointed to a scene in which the meticulous chronicler takes full advantage of a chance opportunity to peep through a window in order that he may observe a particularly intimate moment in the lives of two of his characters. Just what were the emotions of this commentator when he reached the opening pages of "Cities of the Plain"[1]—pages in which Proust describes, with no more shame than a naturalist, how he maneuvered himself into a hiding-place from which he could eavesdrop upon the first sensual ecstasy of the great M. de Charlus and little Jupien the tailor—it is impossible to guess; but he who cannot accept this crucial example of our author's willingness to sink the gentleman as well as the man when his curiosity is aroused had best make up his mind once and for all that Proust is not for him, because Proust would not be Proust had he not renounced all the obligations of life at the same time that he renounced life itself.

"Detachment" is a much-abused word and it can mean too many things to be used to describe the attitude of a writer unless it be given some further definition, but the secret of the nature of Proust's detachment is the secret of his quality. When, burying himself in his chamber, he brought his life as a human being to an end the result was not at all to detach himself from it in the sense of freeing the logical faculties from the bondage of the senses, since his consciousness remained, what it had always been, primarily a realm of finely discriminated sensations, and since he turned not from perceptions to thoughts, but merely from perceptions to the memory of perceptions. But the fact that he was dead in the sense that he no longer planned to take any part in life, that he no longer felt any desires capable of eventuating in an act, not only made it possible for him to live passionately in memory and to approach more nearly than, perhaps, any other man ever did to that "total recall" which is a psychological impossibility, but also made inevitable that disappearance of all ethical or conventional standards which distressed the English commentator.

Let philosophical idealists say what they will, the adherence in sentiment and fact which men ordinarily vouchsafe to moral or conventional codes is, at least in the case of persons like Proust whose world is largely perceptual, merely the result of a working agreement entered into for the purpose of orderly existence. It is a pact tacitly formed between the individual and either society or a certain section of it in the course of which the individual agrees to behave in a certain way in exchange for an assurance that this society will back him up in an insistence that others behave in the same way toward him; and the indignation which he feels against violators of this code, whether their violations do or do not directly affect him, is largely the indignation of one player against another who does not follow the rules. But such an adherence, being founded upon practical considerations, can have no meaning after death, and Proust was in this sense dead before he began to write. He was no longer playing the game and accordingly had no concern with the rules. With nothing to gain and nothing to lose he no longer cared even for the opinion which others might form of him, and he was accordingly as little concerned with the moral judgments which might be passed upon him as with those which might be passed upon his characters.

To make the most exquisitely minute discriminations always, but to judge between the things thus discriminated never—that is the essence of his method. Had he cared to do so he could doubtless have written a whole half-volume devoted to the exact nature of his ungentlemanliness in consenting to eavesdrop—he has certainly devoted many pages on more than one occasion to the analysis of much less conspicuous breaches of the code—but he would have been no more judicial in his treatment of it than he is in the treatment of M. de Charlus's erotic devotion to jockeys and trainmen. No man was ever more completely than Proust a slave to sensations; no man ever lived more entirely by and for the nerves; but by shutting himself off from all but the memory of these sensations he not only recovered them with unexampled fulness but recovered them in a state more nearly pure than would have been possible for anyone who had a living future which could occupy him with plans and desires—recovered them, that is to say, unmixed either with his own personal concerns or with those moral fervors and antipathies which, for such at least as he, are in fact part of a personal concern.

The two newly translated volumes form, like the three previous instalments of two volumes each, a recognizably distinct section of the work. They have as their central subject homosexual love—treated with an equally conspicuous absence of both salacity and moral indignation—and they are concerned chiefly with M. de Charlus, Albertine, the Verdurins, and a new character named Morel, while certain of the characters very prominent in the other parts—Swann, Odette, Gilberte, and the Guermantes—appear either incidentally or not at all. And yet the work as a whole is too marvelously one in style, spirit, and matter for these volumes to contribute anything new in any gross sense; they are fresh mines of delight of exactly the same kind which those who, like myself, read this author with almost unreserved pleasure have already found in the others. Here are the same occasional incidents which rise to an almost painful intensity, and the same endless profusion of exquisitely discriminated nuances which command the interest less because of any intrinsic importance in the things discriminated than because of the marvelous delicacy with which they are expressed—operations which awake admiration like that which one would feel for the superhuman dexterity of a skilful demonstrator dissecting under the microscope; investigations which are concerned

[1] "Cities of the Plain." By Marcel Proust. Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. Printed for subscribers only. Albert and Charles Boni. $15.

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not with the gross, but with the micro-anatomy of emotion, with the histology of the soul.

There is, however, one other problem to which I should like to allude because its solution did not become clear, to me at least, until the reading of the volumes from which "Cities of the Plain" is translated. I refer to the question, so hotly discussed pro and con, of whether or not Proust can be charged with a vulgar snobbishness upon the basis of his great preoccupation with the world of fashion. If we consider the part which the standards of this world play in the artistic structure of the work, I think there is no reason, in spite of the extent to which they are used, to doubt the sincerity of his expressed indifference toward them. We cannot discuss the varieties of human conduct, character, or emotion without reference to certain fixed norms any more than we can discuss the position of a point in space without reference to certain other fixed lines or points; and since all the moral, legal, or even aesthetic standards by which the deviations of character are normally measured in fiction had disappeared from Proust's realm it was necessary that certain others should be set up. The traditions of fashionable society are the x- and y-axes of his spiritual geometry. Meaning nothing in themselves, being merely fixed lines by which locations can be indicated and relationships established, their arbitrariness is the thing which makes them useful. Unlike moral or other standards, which might seem to have an importance in themselves, they make it possible to bring order into his universe without introducing anything extraneous to his view of it, and he chooses them for the very reason that he and his readers can agree to give them nothing except a purely formal meaning.

God's Children

By JAMES RORTY

All God's children got wings.
The white rooster flaps his wings in a perfect New England stage set.
"Pure, pure!" crows the white rooster, between dawn and dark of a transcendental day.
The white rooster dies. The sun also rises. Some gentleman of color must have strutted in the barnyard:
Hear, what remembered lust in the hen's cackle; see, what spotted malice in the chicks!

All God's children got wings.
The blind bats hang head down from the cobwebbed corners of the courtroom.
Bat wings brush the face of the late-working Governor, hell's padlocks rattle as the watchman goes his rounds.
The President sleeps badly; the witches have come again on bat wings to suck his blood.
Twelve o'clock in the editor's office; the rats in the composing-room have grown wings—what lewd squeals as the cold presses grind the news!
A cold fear, a cold hate, a cold lust—cold bats mewing the covenant of the coldest hell—
Come, death, come in a great burning, come!
Come, death, and loose these bats out of hell!

All God's children got wings.
Elijah's chariot stops in front of the death-house at Charlestown.
Swing low, sweet chariot, good children, brave children, coming to carry you home.
"Barthol! Niccolo!" Death's voice is like the trumpets of the Gracchi, great Michael's angels beat their wings.
What though the people sleep? The graves are opened, the great dead shout and sing in the streets.
This midnight blooms in power and passion, lit from this burning the waste lands burn and are healed.

All God's children got wings, got wings,
All God's children got wings.

The Education of Woodrow Wilson

By JOSEPH JASTROW

ON Wilson the statesman my complete and profound ignorance of politics either as art or as science enjoins silence. But his academic pursuits and his preparation for them I can follow with the sympathy and experience of a colleague, and for that reason I was particularly interested in Ray Stannard Baker's recently published volumes on Wilson's early years. My residence at Johns Hopkins University overlapped his. We were all specialized as graduate students headed (we hoped) for specialized chairs. But the congenial simplicity of those days provided easy contacts; departments exchanged hospitalities, and even the psychological laboratory was not estranged from the historical seminary. As chance would have it, my marching mate in the procession to receive the Ph.D. was Wilson. He was already a *primus inter pares* and the envy of many because he held a position at Bryn Mawr (at the enviable salary of $1,500) and had returned after a year's teaching to receive his degree.

Unlike Henry Adams, whose "education" confesses the superiority of its author to the need of all education, Wilson, with no less definite a view of his capabilities and career, showed how the conventions of the higher education could be bent to the program of a gifted mind. The keynote is struck early, though by scholastic standards Wilson was neither precocious nor unusual. He was a youth with a formulated purpose suitable to maturity. From the picture of Gladstone which the boy enshrined above his desk to the cards on which he wrote half in jest and half in prophecy: "Thomas Woodrow Wilson, Senator from Virginia" he knew clearly where he was going.

However effective the written phrase of Wilson was, the added effect of its delivery remains with me as I recall his address as president of the American Association of American Universities. My assurance of its value seemed welcome to him; for he felt, as I did, that it was coldly received by the company of college presidents and deans, most of whom were not ready for his educational reforms, could not perceive the wide gap between an idealist with a practical-minded zest and their own opportunist advocacies and canvassings. I still hold that Woodrow Wilson contributed as significantly as any other leader in the higher education to the ideals that universities must live by, that his views are an oasis in the dreary desert of the sayings of college presidents.

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The story of Wilson's career is familiar: his ancestors on both sides with their passion for education, his deep family affection, poverty enough to make opportunities esteemed, a religious setting that made serious thinking natural, a determination and an encouragement to make his way to a significant life. All this made for an independence in outlook and conduct which, though to that degree rare, may well be accepted as the distinctive feature in the education of leaders in any field. At all important times of decision he took his education in his own hands. That remained the central principle of his "University," a place where under proper guidance, in which personality should be first and machinery last, young men of serious purpose could find themselves. "When a Man Comes to Himself" remains a characteristic Wilsonian pronouncement. A university is an instrument for this process, and it can be little more; yet, being that, it is inevitably much more. The long story of the Princeton controversy has somewhat lost its interest, but in the sense in which the president of Princeton lost his cause, the American university lost it, and is still suffering from the set-back. The same issues have grown so formidable as to be now beyond control. A university cannot be merely an annex to a stadium, and studies only disturbing incidents in a social life. Sooner or later someone will have to write the dismal story of miseducation.

I am selecting the emphasis but am not throwing out of focus the intellectual features of Woodrow Wilson in posing him as a teacher, though it seems hopeless to give that term the functional worth which it should carry. His precepts were practices; the care and finish that he put on his job of lecturing to classes made those classes an experience; and his popularity as professor may still prove to the skeptical that youth has so catholic a devotion that it will run after sterling as well as plated gods. When he had his administrative chance, it was upon the intimate contact of minds not too widely separated in maturity and interests that he staked the fortunes of his educational system.

Above and through all the incidents of his career appears the man, the essential Wilson. In the hierarchy of his dominant ambitions an active public career, with a scope for influence in shaping events, stood foremost. Chafing first under the necessity of teaching women, he was in due course restless in teaching men. The law was too mercenary a gateway, a menial side-door at best. The academic portal was worthy and opened to values intrinsically satisfying. But they were secondary interests, though deeply cherished. If he chose to be a scholar in politics, it was because he held knowledge to be the authentic guide to power. "A man may be defeated by his own secondary successes" is a characteristic Wilsonian sentiment. He seemed afraid that his extraordinary popularity as a professor might turn a prologue into an epilogue. He welcomed the unexpected presidency of Princeton as a call to action, a constructive and commander-in-chief position at last.

It is ever the perspective of satisfactions that sounds the depths of a character; the handicaps of that character are often instructive. Wilson's inhibitions were real though not deep; he was keenly aware of them, and noted that he often found it difficult to speak of what was nearest to his heart; he could write what he could not release by word of mouth. He was more confidential in public than in private; for, as he said, there is less reticence to be felt in pleasing a group than in aiming directly for the favor of one hearer.

In the combination of aggressive leadership and in inhibiting reserves lie the possibilities of misunderstanding, and Woodrow Wilson ran the gamut of adoration and detraction. The most common charge was that he insisted on playing a lone hand; that when he became the most acclaimed of men this flaw led to his undoing. It was held to be responsible no less for his dissensions at Princeton. However true or false, this diagnosis is directed to the vital spot. It takes so little to mar the picture of greatness; and of all the qualities that have introduced the false note in the lives of great men, this is the most dissonant. We can all think of careers that reached almost to the heights, yet fell by reason of this deadly failing; and the Freudians would have it that it is often a faulty compensation for an inhibited self. Morally we term it the ambition that does overreach its goal; but the psychological version seems the truer one. It explains the divergent views of Wilson's reputation, and perhaps also the varying wisdom of his decisive steps and missteps at critical moments. Those who stood near to advise him at the Versailles Conference brought back reports of his declining the very services they had come across seas to render; that he was so engrossed with the importance of his position as to become an easy victim of Continental masters of diplomacy unhindered by idealistic commitments. It is difficult to decide how true this may be. But stricken by illness as he had been so frequently, halted by threatening disability in the course of his ascent to fame, he was his kind of hero to the last.

Some may prefer to present the conflict less as temperamental than as occupational. The academic mind sets its own course; the politician must appeal to party and follow it, must build his machine. The pursuit of truth is uncompromising—hence the "single-track mind"; politics demands compromise, making such strange bed-fellows as Wilson and Bryan. The democracy of politics suspects leadership, through ideas most of all, as a mask for power, is suspicious of more than a rhetorical preference of principles to spoils. The "highbrow" does not herd congenially with "narrow foreheads." The people get tired of hearing Aristides called the Just, or Solon the Wise. In the American setting Wilson provided a tempting target. Unfortunately his temperamental traits offered no effective guard against the thrusts. His most dangerous foes were those ready to prove that the scholar could be a genial politician as well; the narrower schisms are the bitterest. Wilson, even more than Cleveland, is entitled to respect for the enemies he made.

Back, Wolf

By CLINCH CALKINS

Back, wolf, I have left you my blood
on the step in a bowl.
What more can you want of me now that
I've given you body and soul?
Nightly I've fed you the lean of my thoughts
for all of these years
And at morning tossed out of the window
the bone of my fears.

Tonight if you watch you can enter
and sniff the air
And you'll find that the place is quite empty
And nothing left there.

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I Have Known Poets

By MARY AUSTIN

I have known poets in my time. . . .

I have also known a Cardinal,
A gold-laced General,
A Cabinet Minister and several millionaires,
Learned men, lover men—
And I would lose the lot of them
For any one of half a dozen poets that I know!
And I say, Lord,
When my time comes to go,
I shall not care for Heaven if the poets stay outside.
You may keep my starry crown
For some poor soul that craves it,
And give my harp
To any Angel child that plays it,
But I will take the poets and what you have left over,
A windy hill to walk upon, a filmy cactus flower,
A maple tree, a lady fern or bee caroused in clover,
Of all I've loved and sung about just the odds and ends—
And two or three poets to be my friends!

Error

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

When autumn burns along the sky
And the moon, like some harvest fruit
Cradled in tall trees, seems to lie
So hot, so ripe, so without root,

Does not a sunflower awake
In the dark garden chill with dew,
And thrilled with radiance, mistake
Dead gold for living, and pursue?

So, in this autumn of our love,
My heart, night being at its noon,
Woke, startled, and began to move
On the cold roadways of the moon.

Books

Reviewing Russia

The Economic Organization of the Soviet Union. By Scott Nearing and Jack Hardy. *Village Life Under the Soviets.* By Karl Borders. *How the Soviet Government Works.* By H. N. Brailsford. *Religion under the Soviets.* By Julius F. Hecker. *Soviet Russia and Her Neighbors.* By R. Page Arnot. The Vanguard Press. Fifty cents each.

The Russian Land. By Albert Rhys Williams. New Republic, Inc. $1.

THIS humble effort is what can only be termed mass production in book reviewing. Mass production in Model A's, bathtubs, and confession magazines is all very well, but to put authors—such distinguished, hard-working, and altogether sapient authors as the above—through the rolling mill is a different and far more dubious matter. They deserve a column apiece at the very least, each under his own headstone; and, with one exception, far more expert talent than the undersigned to appraise their virtues and their failings. I did pick up a fact or two about Russian industry last summer, strained to be sure through interpreters and translators; but what do I know about religion, about farming, about political structure, and about the neighborly Poles, Rumanians, Lithuanians, and Finns—to say nothing of the brotherly and backslapping British, French, Americans, and Japanese? Precisely, or almost precisely, nothing at all. Just because one has rushed across the Ukrainian steppes in a German motor car and a shower of dust one does not become a learned commentator on all phases of the biggest slice of territory on the planet.

The then unpublished manuscript of Messrs. Nearing and Hardy I had with me when I entered Russia. It made a splendid introduction to the internal economy of the Soviet state. By its aid I was able to select the factors which seemed particularly to deserve more intensive study. But the more intensive I got, the less rewarding the manuscript became. Not that it was wrong in any basic particular, but rather that it was so much more wooden than the actual facts. It slurs over many matters that demand critical plain speaking; such as the serious unemployment situation, the poor quality of the bulk of consumer goods, the artificial stimulation of the cooperative stores. It says nothing at all about the reliability of the statistics which are so abundantly quoted. On the other hand the book fails, in my opinion, to give due weight to the stupendous audacity of the attempt to coordinate the whole economic mechanism through the medium of the State Planning Commission, locally known as the Gosplan. This is something new in the world, an experiment so brilliantly conceived, so comprehensive, and withal so courageous, as to call for a full chapter—aye, and a loud hallelujah or two—rather than the few staid paragraphs it gets. Still, it is their book, not mine; it helped me a great deal in getting the mechanism of Russian industry into focus, and I am sure it will help many others to do the same.

Mr. Borders's "Village Life" is anything but wooden. It is warm, flexible, and alive from cover to cover. The opening description of a typical village carried me back bodily to the huddle of thatched huts, the gilded dome above them, the dogs, the dust, the glowing fields of sunflowers, the smells, the stolid stares, the eternal timelessness of scores of villages through which I had passed; and groped dimly to understand. Mr. Borders makes the record as plain as it can be made in a brief volume. His criticisms are acute and telling, and his praise, so far as I know anything about it, is just. He gives not only the warmth of local color but sober and penetrating observation on the whole economy of Russian agriculture; its relations to the state, to the cooperative movement, to the towns, to the structure of industry.

We come now to Mr. Brailsford. He attempts to tell us how the Soviet government works. I do not think he knows how it works; I do not think the members of that government know how it works; I do not think that anybody knows how it works. Logically it should have been a heap of ruins years ago, splintered into a thousand hates and envies and lusts and martyrdoms. One can chronicle the grains of sand and lime—the bureaus and committees—but only God himself knows what hidden forces have cemented these grains into a solid, unbreakable, and functioning mass. One cannot, however, read Mr. Brailsford's last chapter without realizing that there are few political philosophers alive in the world today who are equipped with wisdom, tolerance, and sympathetic understanding to come as close to the heart of the matter as he has come. He may not know the formula for that unearthly cement, but he can make us feel to the fingertips its tingling and gripping cohesion. And he can show us the many rankling injustices which remain as the price of that cohesion. For you and me, dear reader, brought up as we have been, modern Russia would be on all too many occasions a very painful place in which to live.

Mr. Hecker writes upon religion under the Soviets. He

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ought to know something about it. He was born in Russia, he received a Ph.D. at Columbia, studied theology at Drew and Union Theological Seminaries, was with the War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A., joined the famine-relief expedition to Russia in 1921, and is now teaching sociology in the Moscow Theological Academy. He writes with clarity and tolerance. He tells how the young republic tried to get along without religion for a few years, came a cropper, and in 1923 unlocked the church doors and set those huge, bronze, slightly sour bells tolling again. (In the Campanile of the Lavra at Kiev, 300 feet above the ground, I almost got a twelve-foot bell ringing by pulling with all my strength, in an ever-widening arc. Just as the clapper was about to kiss the rim in a joyous clang, two tall priests appeared from nowhere, wrenched the rope out of my hands, looked daggers, and withdrew. Was this religious freedom? Obviously not.)

The churches are all open, services are going on, women are kneeling and crossing themselves as of yore. But an open fight is on for the souls of the children, with the Communists holding a stacked deck of cards. Will they win out and convert the next generation to the religion of communism? Mr. Hecker doubts it, and so do I.

With Mr. Arnot's opus on neighborliness I go down for the third and last time. Just what Russia is up to in respect to the British Empire, China, Germany, Italy, France, Japan, Rumania, Poland, the Border States, Afghanistan, Persia, Turkey, the United States, and the world at large is all set forth here, section by section, and chapter by chapter. I have read most of it, but would have got farther reading the "Novum Organum" in Latin. I am naturally soft-headed when it comes to open covenants openly arrived at. I do not think I ever recovered from the shock of the secret treaties. I just do not believe anything anybody says about foreign relations. This is hard on Mr. Arnot, and upon what may be a genuine masterpiece; but what can I do?

Albert Rhys Williams has been living in Russian villages off and on—not for days and days but for years and years. I saw him in Moscow and he told me all about it. All about the food and the booze and the bugs . . . and the decency and the friendliness. It was a great story with the ring of utter verihood. In "The Russian Land" he sets down eleven prose etchings from out of the multitude of his experiences. There are no figures, no summaries, no prophecies, no learned conclusions—there are only first-hand stories of Russian life as Mr. Williams has seen it and lived it. And I am rather inclined to think that if you really would understand Russia this is the best volume of them all. STUART CHASE

Washington Alive

George Washington, 1762-1777. By Rupert Hughes. William Morrow and Company. $5.

Washington Speaks for Himself. By Lucretia Perry Osborn. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

George Washington, Colonial Traveler, 1732-1775. By John C. Fitzpatrick. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.

WHEN the first volume of Rupert Hughes's biography of Washington appeared, giving us the first really illuminating and honest story of his earlier days, a prominent historian denounced it as containing "exactly 297 absolutely false statements." In an Afterword to the second volume, which carries Washington's career forward to 1777, Mr. Hughes informs us that the historian wrote him personally that having reread the book he had "not found one statement that he would call absolutely false." The "falsehoods" turn out to be "disparagements"; and "disparagements" mean all references to the fact that Washington drank, danced, swore, and made wagers —all of which he did.

This second volume is even more interesting and scholarly, and even more packed with proof, but we may expect a renewal of the hue and cry against the author from professional patriots. Mr. Hughes is clearly concerned with a search for truth, which is, presumably, the purpose of any honest historian. This truth cannot possibly be palatable to the followers of Parson Weems or Professor Sparks, or to those who busy themselves plucking the well-earned plumes of other men to bedeck Washington, who needs none but his own. Mr. Hughes shows conclusively that his subject was not an important or active member of the House of Burgesses; that he did his share of breeding slaves and concerned himself not at all in their morals; that he advertised not only for runaway slaves but runaway white servants; that he could laugh heartily at an improper song and copy improper stories; that he did his share of land-grabbing, a fashionable vice of his time; and that he had an aristocrat's contempt for the ordinary man, and for the rank and file of the Revolutionary army.

And yet, throughout this volume as through the first, there runs a profound admiration and appreciation of Washington. But it is an intelligent, not a maudlin appreciation, born of the realization that he was a human being and not a colorless thing of the spirit. Here was a man like other men, with imperfections and petty failings, who marched to ultimate immortal triumphs through many failures. His was a process of slow growth. In these humanizing pages he appears for the first time a bit pathetic in moments of disillusionment bordering on despair. No irresistible mythological character this, dashing gaily on to triumphs anywhere and any time. He fought his way. He blundered occasionally as all men must, but he learned his lessons and he carried on. It is a really fine thing to be able to feel sorry for Washington now and then, as we feel sorry for Lincoln; to see him in his moments of depression and defeat is to bring him closer to us.

Thus by giving us the shadows along with the white lights of his character the biographer has done more than anyone else to make him real—and interesting. He climbs out of his heavy frame, dust-covered, and clasps hands with people and loses nothing by the contact. He was, of course, a creature of his time. He followed the fashions. When everyone was speculating in land, he speculated. When everyone was drinking, he drank. When almost all men of means and position played their gentlemanly game for stakes, he played and jotted down the record of his earnings and his losses. What mockery, what dishonesty to deny the record! In truth there are few of the "disparagements" in Mr. Hughes's biography that are not to be found in Washington's "Diary," published by the Ladies of the Mount Vernon Association. Had Mr. Hughes fared forth as a muckraker he could have painted a dark picture from the "Diary" alone by mobilizing and marching all the failings without reference to the evidence of high virtues. Being an historian, and an honest one, he has given us the good and the not-so-good in just proportion, and the result is the recreation of the man whom all admired and trusted.

And we are asked to take nothing on faith. The book is literally packed with proof. Every startling or striking statement has its citation to authority. If Mr. Hughes maintains the standard of the first two volumes in those that are to follow we shall have the most illuminating, scholarly, definitive biography of Washington yet written.

In "George Washington, Colonial Traveler," by John C. Fitzpatrick, for many years in charge of the manuscripts at the Congressional Library, we have a valuable source book for this period connecting with the two volumes by W. S. Baker which carry on until the last year of Washington's life. It is a day by day record as he wrote it, admirably arranged.

In "Washington Speaks for Himself" Lucretia Perry Osborn has done for Washington what Nathaniel W. Stephenson did for Lincoln—given us a connected story of his activities and thoughts in his own language; with just enough editing to make the story consecutive. It is as interesting as an autobiography. CLAUDE G. BOWERS

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The King Business

King Edward VII. By Sir Sidney Lee. Volume II. The Macmillan Company. $8.50.

TO the ordinary reader, as distinct from the student of political affairs, this volume, presenting the official story of King Edward's reign, will be less interesting than the earlier one dealing with his life as Prince of Wales. Not that he changed any of his ways of life, putting off the "Prince Hal" for the dignified King Henry as is sometimes suggested. He remained to the end sportsman, *bon viveur*, "man of the world." Traveling still occupied a large part of his time, and he mingled easily with all sorts of people. His biographer not unnaturally tries to present him as a "Great Monarch." That he was not. The days of great monarchs are over. Edward did not even pose as great, like his nephew the Kaiser. But though not great, he was highly competent for a constitutional monarch in a country like Britain. He had both the qualities and the defects for this part. Indeed his great personal popularity was largely attributable to sympathy with his break away from the austerities of parental control, and with his addiction to racing and other levities. But he had sufficient brains and energy left to carry out successfully the more serious duties of kingship, as set out in this volume.

What the British people want in their monarch is ceremonialism. He must supply an element of pageantry to an otherwise drab life, must redeem democracy from a secretly unpopular equality, must stir the sense of loyalty to a figure that represents in some half-magical way the historic continuity of a nation. Now King Edward, like his mother, was fond of ceremony and really interested in uniforms and points of precedence. He was always noticing little divergences from usage, such as the wearing of a decoration on the wrong side of a coat or the use of a Minister's name, in place of his office, in a letter. The deference paid to him in small matters of detail bought off any disposition to assert his personal will in bigger matters which lay in the margin of the royal prerogative. Occasional friction arose between him and his ministers, especially about appointments, but he had sufficient tact to know when he must give way. Though essentially a strong conservative, he was no aristocratic tory of the old school, but tempered his love of feudal relics by ample intercourse with big-business men and cosmopolitan financiers.

But the dramatic interest of this period turns upon the fluctuating personal relations between King Edward and his nephew, the Kaiser, and the part played by their antagonism in preparing a war atmosphere. German statesmen, unable to understand the position of a constitutional monarch in relation to the deeds done in his name, freely charged the King with planning and helping to carry out the policy of "encirclement" which they set out to break in 1914. Now the King, of course, had no such plan or policy; indeed it is quite evident he never had anything that could be called a policy. His biographer ingenuously claims that "What made him an accomplished ruler was that he lived entirely in the present moment, and had no thoughts for anything beyond the immediate and actual reality." But "encirclement" there was, though doubtless it appeared to those responsible as a mere redressing of "the balance of power" disturbed by the Triple Alliance. King Edward was a more than willing instrument in forming and strengthening the Anglo-French entente, and his personal relations with the Czar were helpful in checkmating the attempted German-Russian alliance and in swinging Russia over to the Western scale of the balance.

But though the King was industrious in politics, he was not a determinant force. He merely made no attempt to recover lost prerogative. Fortunately for him and his people he was not a serious constructive statesman. The most illuminating chapter is that entitled The Social Side. The King was "a good mixer." "The King enjoyed life so much that he wished everyone else to be happy, even if it were Sunday," is his biographer's account of the displacement of the Victorian Sabbath by the Sunday of "companionable jaunts and relaxations." The real King with his *joie de vivre* is so vividly expressed in a single long paragraph that I cannot do better than cite it to dispose of the absurd notion, countenanced by some passages in this same volume, that he was a profound and devoted statesman.

> His life was passed in an extraordinary exactitude. Every week, almost every hour, was mapped out beforehand; the succession of engagements was almost immutably fixed. From 1904 to 1907 he spent a week each January with the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. Parliament was opened in state late in January or in February. A visit to Biarritz in the spring, preceded and followed by a stay in Paris, was usually fixed for March, and a Mediterranean cruise would follow. The early days of April would find him in Copenhagen with the Queen, in order to celebrate the birthday of his father-in-law, Christian IX. The opening week of June saw him at Epsom for the Derby, and on the night of the Derby he would entertain all the members of the Jockey Club at dinner at Buckingham House. In mid-June he would be at Ascot. Several courts and state dinners would follow. The King would also attend the horse show at Richmond and Olympia. In July and August there would be a round of country-house visits where he met at ease his almost unchanging social circle. At the end of July he would stay with the Duke of Richmond. A week later he would be at Cowes for the yachting, passing on to Bolton Abbey to spend "the twelth" with the Duke of Devonshire. Early in September he would stay with Lord Savile at Rufford Abbey to witness the St. Leger at Doncaster, followed by a three weeks' cure at Marienbad—and a visit to one or another of the European monarchs. October would see him at Balmoral for the shooting season, and in the last two months of the year he resided at Windsor or Sandringham or Buckingham Palace, always, however, spending Christmas and New Year's Day at Sandringham.

What a life!

J. A. HOBSON

A Serious Thinker

About Ourselves. By H. A. Overstreet. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

SHE was very pretty and an awfully good sport. But she was not intellectual. At least, so her friends thought. They meant to have some fun with her. At the annual dinner of The Group they seated her next to the fascinating young psychologist. With unholy glee they anticipated her discomfort.

"Do you really think that Dr. Watson can escape the Freudian Censor?" she asked her dinner partner. He look surprised, and pleased. "Dr. Watson *thinks* he can by behaving like a rat. But the disguise, I fear, is too naive for Dr. Freud." For the rest of the evening they discussed Bleuler, Breuer, Janet, Charcot, Adler, Jung. They played upon each other's wishes. There was "a something more than chatter" between them: "laughter at times; a good deal of quiet smiling. But also a kind of brooding in the faces." At first her friends were thunderstruck. Then they felt ashamed. Finally they listened. Poor fools! They did not know that she had read "About Ourselves" by H. A. Overstreet and that she knew all about modern psychology.

There is not the slightest reason why YOU should not converse as brilliantly on "the science of human behavior." There was a time when human nature was a matter of mere guesswork. Now and then, some "shrewd observers such as Socrates,

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Confucius, Lao-tsze, Jesus, Montaigne" guessed fairly well. But on the whole such metaphysical speculations "did serious damage in turning mankind psychologically astray." Stop *guessing!* Be one of those who *know!* And, above all, know Thyself! Mr. Overstreet's little handbook of the human psyche, a "really" scientific outline in the "accurate sense," will enable you to be your own psychiatrist.

Are you, like most of us "normals," incapable of rigid thinking? Do you "trip in [your] logic" by "projecting" the monkey wrench of "sex" into your syllogisms? Learn how to avoid "the seductive art of wish-thinking." Do "fears beset" you, "fears-plus-shame" or "fears-plus-guilt"? Read how to "expand" or "contract," as you may need, your "basic psychological patterns," how to integrate "the basic processes of the Body-Mind."

"Some of us have moods"—have you? Do you "take flight into pleasure"? Do you hate to do your job today? Are you wanting in decision? Does your "ego inflate"? Is your love-life what it ought to be? Any one of these fairly normal maladjustments would indicate that you "undoubtedly suffer from a form of what might be called infantilism in adult life." Grow up! Balance your "output" with your "intake." Read how We Fly into Disease. Fly out of it! Purge your unconscious of all "psychological poisons" and "induce" your own "mental transformation."

Moreover, even the subtlest aesthetic values may become common property. All we need to do is to become aware of our personalities. Read the chapter on Ears That Hear and enjoy the gift of musical appreciation. Acquire Eyes That See and make "essentialistic" art your own. The essay on He Who Laughs will give you a sense of humor. "Why Poetry?" Listen to "this quizzical, taunting thing:

> With half a laugh of hearty zest
> I strip me off my coat and vest.
>
> Then heeding not the frigid air,
> I fling away my underwear;
>
> So having nothing else to doff,
> I rip my epidermis off.

Could there be a more zestful, laughing invitation to let go, to come across, to get out of one's seclusive grumps?"

But, above all, learn how to partake in "the intercreating mind" in which "the individual and the group process" synchronize "toward reality." Be like Socrates! "For Socrates is convincingly [*sic*] like what any average individual might be, if only that individual could grasp the idea of emptying himself of pretensions and trying to build up ideas by the intercreating process of discussion with his fellows," even as Mr. Overstreet, who wrote this book with a "group [of] coworkers" through a mutually "modifying process . . . of progressive or serial creation."

Of course, if you happen to be "hopelessly perfect" the author frankly advises you to "close this book." But it seems to me that this advice is a bit too modest; for no matter how perfect you may be this little volume will add a great deal to your knowledge. Though technically it has the same relation to modern psychology as the Abrams Box to modern medicine, it is by all odds the most unwitting, and hence the best, psychological case record of the latter-day "outline" vulgarian in the guise of a Serious Thinker. It is the most naive self-portrayal of the pseudo-cultivated man writing for the pseudo-educated mob of post-war confusion. There is no characteristic of what Joseph Conrad called "the silly vanity of being abreast with the ideas of the day after tomorrow" which Mr. Overstreet fails to bring out in bold relief. Ignorant of the subject matter he discusses, obtuse by nature, "wishing" intellectual recognition, Mr. Overstreet is the perfect "new psychologist" who is plaguing the genius of the new psychology. We suggest that Dr. Freud

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analyze this book for an essay on the foolish man, whom modern psychology has so sorely neglected. As Mr. Overstreet has it: "After all, as a man speaketh with his tongue, so he is."

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

And Peace Proclaims

Olives of Endless Age. Being a Study of this Distracted World and Its Need of Unity. By Henry Noel Brailsford. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

MR. BRAILSFORD, like so many others before him, not only wants a new world but is ready, after meditating long upon the form and nature of the structure, to give us a sketch of the façade, an outline of the floor arrangements, and some hints of the specifications. Any one who is convinced that the political world, however new it may become, will never take on much more regularity of form or consistency of idea than is to be observed today, and that in any event the march toward relative perfection will be exceeding slow, will probably dismiss Mr. Brailsford's book as only one more bit of useless political speculation; but even those who care nothing for dreams will find a good deal to set them thinking in the author's keen analysis of contemporary world politics, and his severe arraignment of the wisdom of the mighty and the great from whose more recent performances all sorts and conditions of men still suffer.

So large a proportion of the intelligent people of all countries now admit that the so-called peace settlement was a crime, that not even Mr. Brailsford's literary skill can give to his indictment of the peace any air of novelty. It is in what he has to say about national, regional, continental, and world situations at the present moment, after the seeds of a blind and criminal peace have sprouted and grown, that he makes his best contribution to political criticism. The view, as he depicts it, is not alluring. A jealous and aggressive nationalism is preparing the way for further wars, there is no likelihood that the nations will disarm, the League of Nations is chiefly to be commended for its non-political activities, political intervention goes on apace, and international capital is exercising an influence greater, often, than that of states.

For this situation Mr. Brailsford sees no permanent remedy save in the ultimate development of a new world order. Self-determination, when pushed to its logical conclusions, is a rather empty formula. Denunciations of imperialism do not help, because imperialism, when put through Mr. Brailsford's laboratory, is found to contain as much of good as of evil. It is useless to look for continental unity in Europe, some of the essential elements of unity are lacking in Asia, and the Americas, of whose unity of spirit Mr. Brailsford seems to think rather highly, are after all a good deal apart from the rest of the world. Even the League, which in spite of its shortcomings appears to be the only glass through which he can scan the future, will have to do vastly better than it has done before it can become the nucleus of a perfected world state.

What is proposed, accordingly, is that the great Powers shall "bring themselves to sign unlimited treaties of arbitration" which shall "abolish the right of private war and confine the right of blockade to the League"; that the League's mandate supervision shall be extended, the national state ceasing "to be the protector and promoter of the trade and investments of its citizens beyond its frontiers" and the League courts taking over the performance of these functions; and that a world organization shall be built up "to regulate the distribution, and, if possible, also to stabilize the prices of raw materials and staple foodstuffs." The problems of imperialism having thus been solved, with the aid of financial assistance and administrative guidance for weak or backward states and protection for all national minorities "in Europe," both of these things to be supplied by the League, the ground will have been cleared for

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the formation of regional groupings or federations on a continental basis within the League; "modest police forces, military and naval, to support the authority of the League against any possible aggressor," may then make disarmament possible, and the structure of perfection will be crowned by a World Assembly, representing Parliaments "in some rough proportion to population" and working through a majority vote.

It is difficult for a reviewer who much prefers facts to theories to take seriously a scheme which, in addition to ignoring most of the traits of human nature that make political or economic trouble in the world, pins its faith to the development, within some period of time brief enough to be worth thinking about, of a type of individual and social character the like of which has never yet been found on land or sea. It were easier to believe that the nations of the world, enmeshed as they are in a tangle of obligations and prejudices for which no one of them is alone responsible, should come in time to see the advantage of minding each its own business, keeping out of each other's way, practicing common justice and ordinary decency in internal and external matters, and developing such culture and happiness as they may, than to believe that they should throw themselves into the arms of a sublimated League and let a glorified secretariat tell them how to get on.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Anglo-Saxon History

The American Adventure: A History of the United States. By David Saville Muzzey. Two volumes. Harper and Brothers. $10.

I WISH that I knew a lot more American history than I do. For then I would be able to write a review of Mr. Muzzey's book with some sort of intelligence. Now I can only say that these two volumes contain pretty nearly everything the average citizen ought to know if he has a sincere conception of his serious "civic responsibility" and desires to understand the country of which he is a happy and prosperous part. For that, according to Professor Muzzey, is the purpose of the book, to provide the American world with a "readable history, up to date and not too long," that shall give him the "historical understanding which is at the basis of his daily duties as a responsible member of the community."

But the matter is not quite so simple. Whenever the American of foreign birth dares to express himself upon the sacred subject of our national adventure there is the cry of "Ellis Island." What does he mean, the miserable foreigner when he talks of "our" history and "our" ancestors? His own ancestors lived somewhere in a dark ghetto. They inhabited the Russian steppes. They fished for herring in the fjords of Norway. "Ours" indeed! Next they will be claiming that George Washington was born in Poland or that Calvin Coolidge reads the *Vorwärts*.

I do not wish to turn a book review into a public debate. But are the professors who write our American histories quite sure that only the honest folk of Anglo-Saxon descent peruse their learned tomes? I have my doubts.

As a rule it is the American of foreign descent who is hungry for information, who thirsts after new ideas, who is eager to accept a new point of view. And he will read books like these with a slight feeling of annoyance. I would not mention this if we were not living underneath the shadow of the silly performance in Chicago. What has been happening in Chicago every one knows. What most people in the East seem to fail to understand is that this man Thompson is not an uneducated clown, a mere cheap demagogue who wants to get the nomination at the next Republican convention, but on the contrary that he is a fairly intelligent Anglo-Saxon who knows exactly what he is doing and who is certain of a tremendous following among those who for good or evil, cannot follow the

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Lloyd Morris, N. Y. Herald Tribune.

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historical school of which Professor Muzzey is one of the ablest exponents.

Three pages of more than a thousand are devoted to the other "foreign" elements that came before the Puritans "to enrich and diversify American life." My friends, if I go on much longer, the debate will start and, Heaven help us, there are enough quarrels in this world. But do not blame the Thompsons if they use this sort of history to build up a new party that shall have as little use for the Anglo-Saxon-who-could-not-hold-his-own as did the Goths for the Romans of the outgoing empire.

Of course I know the risk I run by writing this. How could I ever feel the true inner spirit of such a book? And so I do not mind drawing attention to a very insignificant item, that incidentally helps the Thompsons and their sad followers in their warfare upon critical intelligence. On page 311 of the first volume there is a picture of the "Landing of Negroes at Jamestown from a Dutch man-of-war." A man-of-war according to the Oxford Dictionary is an armed vessel belonging to a country's navy. Professor Muzzey may be more familiar with the records of the Dutch admiralties than I am. If he can find the record of a single Dutch man-of-war importing slaves to America I will give fifty dollars in cash to the country's fifty neediest cases. I know of course that the Dutch West India Company traded in this sort of human merchandise. But a *man-of-war is a very different story.*

"Absurd," you will say; "a foolish little detail." Perhaps so. But let us see. No doubt there are private citizens who are selling arms and ammunition to the diverse revolutionary armies of China and Central America. Suppose an American citizen picks up a Rumanian history and finds a picture of an "American man-of-war selling guns to the Generalissimo of Guatemala"? Probably he would not quite like it. And this is but a small part of my suspicion that books written from the angle so capably propounded by Professor Muzzey (if angles can be propounded, which I do not know) will never quite reach all the people who have dug and hammered and blasted and sweated and suffered and hungered and thirsted their way through the great American adventure.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Sophistication

Whatever We Do. By Allan Updegraff. The John Day Company. $2.50.

THIS is a gay, sad, tumultuous, and on the whole completely unconvincing tale, told slangily and with careless inconsequence. It belongs to the sophisticated genre of "South Wind," and I find that I cannot formulate what I think about it without saying what I think about the genre in general, perhaps because although simple books may be as unlike each other as "Tom Jones" is unlike "The Idiot" and "Lost Illusions" unlike "Fathers and Sons," sophisticated books have a way of being very much alike. The reader will probably object that there is nothing very simple about Dostoevski or Balzac. I call those books simple, as opposed to sophisticated, whose authors recognize the limitations of their knowledge of the universe as keenly as does any naive scientist who dedicates a lifetime to the discovery of one new chemical substance, or any painter who thinks it reward enough to see some hue in the shadows cast by a summer sun that others before him have not seen. Curiosity, a sense of the mystery of personality, of the ultimate insolubility of every phenomenon on which the eye lights, is a distinguishing characteristic of simple great books, as it is of man. Dull books haven't it, because it takes intelligence to be curious. Sophisticated books haven't it, because the authors of sophisticated books know everything to begin with. They see life spread out in tiny panoramas as if from an airplane. And because everything looks pretty

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much the same seen from an airplane, sophisticated books are all pretty much alike.

Often, as in the case of "Whatever We Do," considerable talent has gone into their making. And often, as again in the case of "Whatever We Do," they are written with pity and humor. Pity and humor are likable qualities in any book, as is the ability to quote poetry appositely and to be pertinently allusive over a wide field of reading and experience. And it is quite true that even omniscience would lose its sting if the style in which it was wrapped were sufficiently good. But this book is written in a kaleidoscopic, careless, blubbery style, a style very much in vogue at the moment because it is disarmingly casual and because it seems to have done away with all old-fashioned author's comment. I question, however, if occasional philosophizing on the part of the author is more reprehensible than continual philosophizing on the part of all the characters.

"Pretty flimsy old triangle, that Faith, Hope, and Charity —not likely to get a man anywhere without intelligence. Nor without Health, either—what good is charity to a man if he hasn't the strength to apply it? Set up a new motto, boggod, Faith, Hope, Charity, Intelligence, and Health." And more, and much more. Enough to raise any reader's suspicions, if it weren't accompanied with so much drink and lechery.

There have always been special hells for the sensitive, but the World War devised so many more that the publishers will never be able to keep pace with them. When men who no longer believe and no longer desire wear sophistication like a jaunty cloak, it has the irresistible appeal of gallantry. So, although I don't believe in Mr. or Mrs. Parsons, and Henry-O Falstaffian humors seem to me not so extraordinarily humorous or new, and even "South Wind" failed to convert me to the Guide Book Italian Novel, and Peleus isn't so different from various other heroes of other novels, I must be made of stone indeed to fail to admire the gallantry and good humor of the book, and its romanticism. For occasionally the folds of the jaunty cloak blow aside, and we see inveterately romantic man.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

A Puritan Socialist

Money Writes. By Upton Sinclair. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.

TELLING what's the matter with Upton Sinclair is one of our most popular indoor sports; notwithstanding, Upton Sinclair continues to flourish and some of us continue to think that he is one of the most useful literary men at large in these United States. (I speak with all deference to the judgment of competent literary critics, among whom I have no place.) But Upton Sinclair has more industry and knows more facts than all his critics put together, and the curious thing is that most of his facts are so, which is inconvenient for the critics, because they are reduced to making faces at him, or else saying that they don't like his taste.

"Money Writes" is the final volume of a series of six works in which Mr. Sinclair, in the brief space of ten years, has taken successively the American pulpit, the press, the universities, the public schools, the artists, and now the literary men, and has shown how we each and all pipe and dance when the wily capitalist calls the tune. These volumes contain an immense body of facts, mostly disagreeable, and mostly true so far as I happen to know; but it seems to me that Mr. Sinclair finds out only a part, even though it be an important part, of what they mean; and as one of the goose-steppers who has not been wholly asleep during the past quarter-century I feel fairly sure that I know something of what they mean in at least one important field. Of course money talks and money teaches and money controls, but not in a world of simon-pure capitalists and wage-slaves. All the people of my acquaintance

A MAN once owned the very latest novel. There was nothing wrong with it; in fact, it was a very good novel. But the man felt that it did not completely satisfy his sporting desire to keep up with the times, for he had heard, in a vague way, that in all fields of knowledge a great many new things were constantly being discovered.
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are complex, not simple, folks; the capitalists that I know have a thousand interests beside oppression, while the wage-slaves that I consort with approve of no revolution later than the American, and think Upton Sinclair harmlessly crazy if nothing worse. So my capitalist friends do not have to sit up nights devising plans to befuddle them; instead, the bourgeois oppressors give their money to these wretched class institutions where I keep running across flourishing sappers and miners of the existing capitalist order, and the children of proletarians (blessed word) keep getting in somehow in larger or smaller numbers, and getting miseducated. To me it is all awfully complex and confusing; to Upton Sinclair it is simple, and plain as a pikestaff. Therefore I think he is mistaken.

None the less I think "Money Writes" a useful book, and I enjoyed it thoroughly—the more, probably, because I share most of Mr. Sinclair's puritan tastes, even if I don't always agree with him about what is great poetry. Like him I abominate pornography, even when the critics call it high art; much as I like to let people do as they please, like him I believe in our attempt to prevent people from drinking themselves to death, just as I believe in public-health work generally; and like him I hate the smooth conformity and pusillanimous success of young and middle-aged men who know better. So I enjoy his scarification of most of our current literary lights, even though I don't always share his estimates of them, and though I find his explanations of their success or failure almost always partial.

The world as I watch it is ruled most of the time in most things by Mammon. I find it a reasonably safe rule, then, that the perpetual riders on the front seat of the bandwagon are bound to be servants of Mammon, not because the mammonites are specially wicked and designing, and not because we live under capitalism, but just because the world is made that way. So as a puritan I am glad to see Upton Sinclair keep pointing out the everlasting choice between God and the devil, even at cost of some parlor conventions. I doubt whether even the prophets wore Arrow collars.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

A Modest Genius

The Letters of Vincent Van Gogh to His Brother, 1872-1886. Translated from the Dutch with a memoir by J. van Gogh-Bonger. Two volumes. Houghton Mifflin Company. $15.

TO look in the letters of Vincent van Gogh to his brother for the same values one finds in the writings of Cézanne or Délacroix is to be disappointed. While they were notable critics as well as craftmen, highly conscious of their mission, he was a very simple man, much like the average in his tastes, and extraordinarily moderate in his self-esteem. Though he was aware of the impressionists and allied geniuses of his time, he preferred men of the school of Millet, Israels, and L'Hermite; at one time going so far as to choose Millet, "that essential modern painter who opened a new horizon to so many," in preference to Manet. And we know from the third volume, not published in this series, that this preference remained even after he was a friend of Signac, Renoir, and Cézanne.

What, then, explains the modernity of his painting? Simply, I think, his modesty. He was aware, of course, that he had something worth cultivating, but until his very last years he seems to have regarded himself as a student attempting to perfect his medium. Had he been more confident there is no doubt that he would have tried compositions in the manner of Millet and others of the romantic school. As it was he painted as the impressionists did, directly from nature, concentrating his attention on his means; not because he felt, as they, that it was the correct way to paint but because he thought it necessary in order to learn.

If because of this simplicity these letters yield little to the student of art, they are for that quality, and for the human drama they reveal, delightful for the general reader. Probably a more difficult fate was never borne with equal equanimity. A failure in business, in teaching, in the ministry, and in love, he began at the age of twenty-seven to make out of a hobby his life's work. Yet there is no complaint against fate, no yearning for the good fortunes of others. He is poor, deserted by his powerful uncles and much of the immediate family. His father dies and his only support is his brother Theodore. His drawing is unappreciated and can scarcely be sold. He has one hot meal a week; lives mostly on dry bread. His drawing masters attempt to quarrel with him. Even Theodore seems to doubt. His health fails seriously. Yet there is no sign of failing in his undemonstrative resolve to succeed. Had this resolve been a little less fanatic, had he used a bit more of his money for food instead of paint, his health might not have failed and he might have lived good-humoredly to old age; but we would never have bothered with his letters. Into whatever Van Gogh did his whole self went, so that the passion which had been frustrated in love and been kept from serving others evangelically was poured into his art; it is reflected in his writing so unconsciously that while he was doubtless difficult to live with he is charming to read about.

As to the volumes themselves, what a pity that unusual material and careful editing should be defeated by mediocre publishing. Over one thousand pages of high-calendered paper are hard on the eyes, nor are they assisted by small and characterless type. As the books are already too dear to be popular, some more could have been spent on type-designing and in printing the not numerous illustrations separately. There are in addition rather numerous misprints.

WALTER GUTMAN

The End of Aristocracy

Democratic Distinction in America. By W. C. Brownell. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

MR. BROWNELL has invented a phrase that promises to become, in its own sphere, as classic as George Brandes's "aristocratic radicalism." Its sphere is social rather than sociological, and it is peculiarly happy in its applicability to American life. Mr. Brownell maintains that "the tyranny of the aristocratic principle has been demonstrated to be intrinsic and inveterate. In science, letters, and art the principle is on its good behavior." He adds that "individual man in his personal sphere and social relations is with us already essentially emancipated and beyond its reach"; and meanwhile he reveals, in his long chapter on Popular Culture, his deeply sympathetic apprehension of the innumerable manifestations of a cultural awakening on the part of the American people. We shall never again, he says, "talk about every man's natural sphere in any other sense than as Napoleon's 'carrière ouverte au talent'." Aristocracy, then, in any normal sense of the word, has ceased to be a just or possible ideal for Americans, and Mr. Brownell has defined a new ideal in his conception of "democratic distinction."

In his first chapter, on Our Democracy, Mr. Brownell cordially accepts the idea that we should "preponderantly possess instinctively democratic sympathies and, whatever our different opinions and conduct, *feel* with our fellow-men as social individuals and political units on a scale and in a degree quite our own"; and he defines the peculiar distinction of Americans, not so much on the basis of his own assertions as on the testimony of a long series of European observers from Thackeray to Mr. Chesterton, as that of having their hearts "in the right place," as that of possessing the "politesse de cœur" which Bismarck found lacking in the French and Arnold in the English. Amiability, in other words, is our chief trait, "and if we have less grace we also have less ungraciousness"; and this is the very human foundation upon which he hopes to build. Mr. Brownell

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is quite aware of the limitations that result from this amiability, the levity, the eccentricity, the lack of sentiment in our humor, the drop in seriousness during the last three generations of American society, the drop in religious feeling, the limitations also of the sense of tradition in Americans; but for so severe a critic of our civilization as he has previously shown himself to be he finds a very substantial array of reasons for hopefulness.

He urges, for instance, that we have in reality a very much stronger and richer tradition than we are usually aware of or inclined to take advantage of, as well as what Mr. Belloc has called a "temperamental earnestness about serious things which is the world's best hope of creative action," not to mention the long Anglo-Saxon tradition that precedes ours and supplements it. And the great advances in our formal education amply second tradition. Here Mr. Brownell takes occasion to point out the shortcomings of mere intellectual muscularity, of that educational liberalism which consists rather in "student thinking" than in student learning. "The value of student thinking," he says, "is doubtless superior to that of student thought—certainly not overvalued by the student himself a few years later." And if thinking for oneself at any age is a precious thing, "culture implies conformity," and thinking for oneself runs the risk of being just so much waste of time if done in ignorance of the thinking of others. But the astonishing development of so many agencies of popular culture is Mr. Brownell's chief basis for hope in the spread of the ideal he describes. It has become almost the rule, for instance, for the sons of very rich men to be deliberately educated not only to carry on their fathers' business but to see, as Mr. A. D. Noyes says, "that the accruing wealth should be rightly disbursed or distributed for public and philanthropic purposes." Summer schools for working men and women are becoming more and more numerous; two-thirds of the States now possess one or more museums of art, the smaller towns are vying with the great cities in the development of parks. Garden clubs and private gardening have become almost universal, as well as at least a degree of musical appreciation.

It goes without saying that Mr. Brownell's mind plays over these phenomena with all its usual subtlety and with an alert apprehension of current American life in its multiform aspects that can be matched by few critics of the younger generation; for Mr. Brownell comments as appreciatively on "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," on Will Rogers and Booth Tarkington, not to mention the vitaphone and radio, as on other works and figures with which he might be expected to be more sympathetic. If the title-phrase promises to become classic in its sphere, the book as a whole deserves also to remain as a standard work on our contemporary civilization, for it is the summing-up of a lifetime of observation and reflection on the part of the most interesting and discriminating of our older critics.

VAN WYCK BROOKS

Hindu Art

History of Indian and Indonesian Art. By Ananda K. Coomaraswamy. E. Weyhe. $17.50.

AS yet the phases of Indian art that command the most sympathy in the West are Indo-Mohammedan architecture, such as exists at Agra and Delhi, and the much earlier Graeco-Buddhist sculpture of Gandhara. The more truly indigenous types of architecture and sculpture, being more remote from things with which the West is already familiar, are but little known and less understood. Yet these purer types of Indian art are of tremendous significance. They express the dreams and ideals of one of the most sensitive and civilized people in the world, and hence deserve our patient contemplation. It has been maintained by many critics that the acme of Indian art lies in the mystic creations of the medieval

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period—the caves of Ajanta and Elura; the temples whose walls are crowded thick with ornate sculpture; the idealized figures of Hindu gods and goddesses. Nowhere else has art been so fully dominated by religion, and nowhere else have the religious ideas been given plastic form with such profound symbolism and meaning.

This excellent volume of Dr. Coomaraswamy provides a rapid but complete survey of Indian art from the earliest "Indo-Sumerian" finds in the Indus valley down to the present, with the one great deplorable omission of Indo-Mohammedan art. This was omitted to save space; but the book could well have been longer, and that department is of great importance. Without a treatment of it the book cannot justly be entitled a history of *Indian* art; rather is it a history of *Hindu* art, using the word, as commonly, to include Brahmanical, Buddhist, and Jaina. With the Indo-Mohammedan treated, the book would possibly have superseded Vincent Smith's one volume "History of Fine Art in India and Ceylon" (1911). As it stands, with a thorough knowledge of the history of Indian art—no one knows it better—and a just aesthetic appreciation coupled with a full understanding of the meaning the objects had for their creators, Dr. Coomaraswamy has given us the best account we have in one volume of the departments he does cover. Added to the excellence of his text is an admirable discrimination in the selection of illustrations, which are clearly and beautifully reproduced.

More specifically, the book makes an advance in at least one point. The distinguished French archaeologist, M. Foucher, some years ago propounded the theory of the Greek origin of the Buddha type, tracing it back to the Graeco-Buddhist images of Gandhara. Dr. Coomaraswamy, who has written on the subject before, points out that "the Gandharan sculptor . . . did not so much make an Apollo into a Buddha as a Buddha into an Apollo," and then goes on to establish that contemporaneous with the Gandhara type, if not earlier, was the quite different and not Hellenized Buddha type of Mathura (modern Muttra) which finally crowded out the Gandharan and was the real source of the later prevailing Buddha type. At the conclusion of his discussion he seems to have the better of the argument.

The chief fault of the book is its distressing brevity. Almost everything is mentioned, but little gets more than the briefest treatment. What I miss most, and what I think is needed for Western readers, is interpretation—which Dr. Coomaraswamy is so well qualified to give. Footnote citations to other books are not satisfying; those books are not at hand.

One last fact lamentably forces itself upon a reader. That is the scarcity of art material from India in the United States. Therein lies the explanation of some of America's lack of sympathy with Indian art. Aside from several excellent collections of paintings, all that our museums can show is a little scattered sculpture with some examples of the minor arts. There is nowhere a fair representation of even a single period of Indian art. Scholars are not wanting in America who would undertake archaeological work at some of the many unexcavated sites in India; what is lacking is interest among those who could furnish the means to send them there.

W. Norman Brown

Americanizing Labor

The Americanization of Labor. By Robert Dunn. International Publishers. $1.90.

Company Unions. By Robert Dunn. The Vanguard Press. Fifty Cents.

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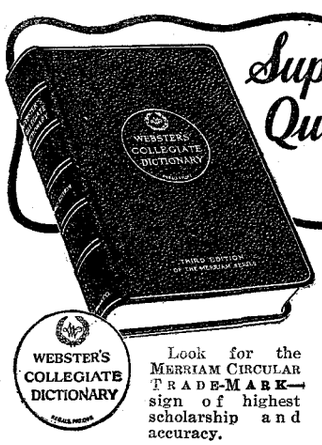

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employee identifies himself with a billion-dollar industry. To the extent that the psychology of the tank driver is typical of the American worker, to that extent has big business succeeded in "Americanizing labor," according to the interesting thesis which Mr. Dunn presents. "The Americanization of Labor" is replete with vital and interesting material on the offensive which organized employers throughout the United States have waged against organized labor particularly since the war. It is not always an open warfare. It includes all the subtle devices of military warfare—espionage, camouflage, psychologic propaganda to "caponize" the American labor movement and render it weak and ineffectual. The existence of a real warfare between the organized employers and employees can hardly be denied after one has read the first few chapters of Mr. Dunn's book.

The first-line offensive of the industrial battlefield is held by the open-shop movement—a frank and aggressive attack against trade unions and the union shop. Associations of employers organized for the purpose of protecting their economic interests are carrying on national and local campaigns against workers' organizations on the ground that they are un-American and Bolshevistic. Mr. Dunn presents an amazing array of facts to show the methods employed in the offensive. There is a special appeal for solidarity among employers in their refusal to recognize workers' organizations or their representatives. There is the employers' black-list, an active boycott of union men or any workers known to have asked for better working conditions or higher wages. There is the employers' lobby in State and national legislatures that openly opposes legislation favorable to workers.

Mr. Dunn analyzes the espionage methods not only of the William J. Burns agency but of several equally prominent detective agencies who hire the thugs, strike-breakers, and other "hands" helping organized employers in their Americanization process. Injunctions, "yellow-dog contracts," and State police called in to protect private property are among the factors forming the second line in the offensive.

Nor is the offensive confined to spiked clubs. Mr. Dunn analyzes the more subtle methods: the company union, employee stock ownership, insurance, pensions, and other company welfare activities. These are developed to create loyalty to the company and identification with it. Production standards and elimination of labor turnover depend upon such loyalty. In a discussion of company unions and its implications Mr. Dunn permits himself to interpret this comparatively new movement and to account for its phenomenal development. The company union fostered by the employer sprang up in the post-war depression as a formidable attack against the trade union. It has frequently facilitated and oiled the network of industrial relations within a large factory. It has provided an avenue through which the employer can easily reach the psychology of his workers and mold that psychology to suit his ends. It has not proved to be an adequate substitute for the trade union as a means by which the worker can secure his share of the profits of an industry. The weakness of the trade-union movement made possible the widespread adoption of the company union, but because of the nature of the origin of the company union it can never represent the vital interests of the workers or afford them anything like the degree of economic independence which they need.

It makes little difference whether the company union is in the form of a house of representatives or of a "town meeting." If all managerial decisions are finally made by the employer and all decisions affecting the workers and their jobs are also made by him, then there is no industrial democracy because there is no equality of power. In the last analysis power is the beginning and the end of industry. Mr. Dunn points a way out of the wilderness for the American Labor movement—a way in which it can "un-Americanize" itself, and yet one through which it can find its soul and strength.

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Books in Brief

The Fifth Child. By Klaus Mann. Boni and Liveright. $1.75.

A strange fantasy, never entirely clear, by the youthful son of Thomas Mann and the present literary leader of the German younger generation. Presumably this little fable is intended both as satire and as praise of the contemporary young European intellectual, but beyond that it is difficult to make any statement. A rather beautiful and fairylike quality in the prose makes one desire to read more of Klaus Mann's comparatively voluminous works.

The Third Book of Modern Verse. Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

Miss Rittenhouse's two previous anthologies in this series have become justly famous. They had character even while they were catholic. The present volume, bringing the picture up to date, will be quite as valuable as its predecessors.

The Days of the King. By Bruno Frank. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Three episodes from the life of the enigmatic Frederick the Great, fictionally presented with considerable power and reality. Bruno Frank is one of the leading figures of the middle generation in Germany. Readers of this book will be forced to echo Thomas Mann's judgment on it which speaks of Frank's "urbane and candid genius, here addressed to the humane purpose of destroying a whole host of chauvinistic puppets."

Aspects of the Novel. By E. M. Forster. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

A witty and stimulating examination of the elements of the novel, divorced from the slightest trace of pedantry and prejudice. Mr. Forster confines himself to the uttering of critical truths which are so fundamental and simple that they have not been noticed for a long time; but his delightful style manages to place them in a new and interesting light. One wishes that all novelists could write so ably and intelligently about their own art.

America Arraigned. Edited by Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney. Dean and Company.

This Sacco-Vanzetti anthology is both good poetry and good propaganda. Not only are the contributors eminent in many cases; all of them have been stirred by their subject to significant and impressive utterance.

The Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson. Five volumes. The Macmillan Company. $10.50.

These five small volumes supply a want that has become acute since Mr. Robinson added so many poems to the canon established by the "Collected Poems" of 1921. Everything is here and in attractive form.

Ballads of All Nations. Translated by George Borrow. A selection, edited by R. Brimley Johnson. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

A welcome glimpse into this very copious work which Borrow thought his best. It is not that, for his verse is bad; but it is a spirited panorama of old life in dozens of countries, East and West.

Trinc. By H. Phelps Putnam. George H. Doran Company. $1.75.

In Ballad of a Strange Thing, Bill Gets Burned, and Hasbrouck and the Rose Mr. Putnam shows himself to be one of the most interesting poets now writing in America. In these three poems, and in one or two others grouped under the section of his book called "Brandy," he speaks with a voice which is quite his own, molds his verse with a powerful, original hand, says something weirdly, obscurely important about life, and com-

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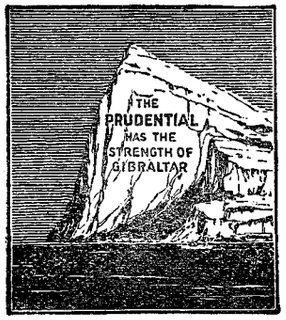

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municates a vision which is appropriate to poetry of the strongest, saltiest kind. The other section, entitled "Green Wine," is disappointingly poor, and in general it is surprising to find a poet of Mr. Putnam's ability publishing, after years of furtive fame, so small a quantity of first-rate verse. One hopes that he will extend the series of poems about Hasbrouck and Bill until he has an epic in the rough.

The Oxford Book of American Verse; 18th to 20th Centuries. Chosen and edited by Bliss Carman. Oxford University Press. $3.75.

It is a pity that an anthology which will have the circulation of this one is so poor. It does well enough for the nineteenth century, but it gives a curiously distorted picture of American poetry in the twentieth. According to its testimony T. S. Eliot does not exist at all, and Dana Burnet and Don Marquis are as important as E. A. Robinson. Admittedly the selection of an editor for the task was difficult, but certainly one could have been found who better combined within himself the scholar and the living poet.

The Book of Poetry. Edited by Edwin Markham. Two volumes. William H. Wise and Company. $12.50.

A work of vast extent, this corpus of British and American poetry assembled by the author of "The Man with the Hoe" will be useful and perhaps popular. Rivaling "The Home Book of Verse" in length and generosity of selection, it clearly represents Mr. Markham's long-considered personal choice, and as such has value over and above that of the material within.

Music

Democracy and Music

THE person who wants to hear music is dependent upon those for whom the providing of music to be heard is a business. If, therefore, his taste happens to be a developed one he is out of luck, for this business, like most others, is steered in the direction of the greatest profits, which is not the direction of his developed taste. Thus it is only two or three years since the phonograph companies began to list recordings of entire symphonies and quartets. Before that a few isolated middle movements, badly cut, with a few of the most popular lieder and piano and violin pieces, were the extent of their departure from the arias and ballads which they believed most people wanted. Worse still, when the Brunswick company did allow the Elshuco Trio to record a middle movement from Brahms, something on the order of "Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes" had to be coupled with it, so that everybody was unhappy. At present things are better but still far from what they should be: the phonograph companies are just catching up with the more popular of ordinary concert programs.

With radio the story has begun all over again. The person with developed taste who wept formerly over the lists of European phonograph records may now weep to read of "Parsifal" and "Rosenkavalier" being broadcast, with concert programs of the same caliber, by the British Broadcasting Company. For this is undoubtedly the most valuable service the radio could perform for him; yet WJZ, which brought the Saturday night concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to New York and points south last year, is not doing so this year; and he will again be offered timorous mixtures which will tax nobody's ears and his own patience.[1]

With proper modifications the preceding observations may be applied to the programs of concerts. A symphony orchestra, true enough, cannot hope to earn a profit, but it is managed to earn as small a deficit as possible. Again, therefore, the preferences of the majority are deferred to, and those symphonies are most played which will attract most money to the box office. I do not deny that they are, most of them, genuinely great works—Beethoven's Fifth, for example, or the César Franck—analogous to accepted masterworks of painting that are on perpetual view in a museum. Nor do I, therefore, object to their being performed frequently; but I do object to other compositions being performed less frequently or not at all. What if certain acknowledged masterworks of painting had their faces turned to the walls of the museum and were allowed to be seen only once in five years, or two years, or one year? Yet that, in effect, is what happens to analogous masterworks of music, by which I mean not only other symphonies of

[1] Since this article was written the far less interesting concerts of the New York Philharmonic have begun to be broadcast by WOR.

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Beethoven but more recent works of equally established value by Debussy, Ernest Bloch, and Sibelius. Mr. Stokowski, for example, has managed to persuade certain people of consequence that he is indefatigable in his search for the unhackneyed and the unfamiliar, but just how I am unable to understand, for on examining his programs in Philadelphia over a period of five years I was astonished by the holes in even his standard repertory.[2] But there are in addition new works of unestablished or ephemeral or only news value; and while I object to their not being played more—which is an old story—I also object to their being played, when they are played, not at special concerts for the purpose, nor even with the less familiar works of established value, but with the popular favorites. What if every time one looked at a painting that represented some contemporary tendency one were obliged to look at Mona Lisa or Whistler's portrait of his mother?

B. H. HAGGIN

Drama

On Villains and Cads

I FANCY that I am not entirely alone in sometimes finding the villains of drama more appealing than the heroes, and I trust that when I do so it is not necessarily because I love darkness more than light.

Your heroes, I find, work usually with the precision of a machine. When a button is pressed their accurate souls clank for an instant while the wheels go round and then the impeccable response is ground forth. If doubts seem sometimes to assail them for a moment, one may be sure that it is only because an unusual number of tumblers is involved in the solution of the problem and that one need only allow time for a few more revolutions of the mechanism, since there is no more danger that it will fail to function than that an adding-machine will be stumped by an unusually difficult sum. We can hardly withhold our applause from such a demonstration of efficiency and we can hardly help envying the possessors of so dependable a character; but those of us whose souls are more crazily built have a feeling that the villain would understand us better and that there are moments when we would rather trust ourselves to his weakness than to the terrible rightness of the hero.

It is not so much the dark deeds of the former which attract us as it is the perversities which beset him. We, too, sometimes feel that the commands of the categorical imperative are not so insistent as we are told. Our impulses, like his, are not always integrated and clear; we do not always want to do "the right thing" even when we know what it is; and (whisper it in the most intimate confessional of the heart) we are not always willing to sacrifice the warm insistence of a desire upon the cold altar of Ethics. Sometimes when an advantage is put in one pan and a principle in the other, the balance tips in a direction calculated to make Justice frown beneath her bandage. We may, as in duty bound, hiss the villain after we have applauded the hero who shames him, and we may do so half in order to reassure ourselves and half in order to conceal from the friends around us how completely we understand him; but if we are frank with ourselves and if (as is usually the case) we are not

[2] There was no mention of the first, fourth, and sixth Brandenburg Concertos of Bach; Handel was represented by one performance of one Concerto Grosso, Haydn by four performances, in all, of only three symphonies, Mozart only by his three best-known symphonies. There was no mention of Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra" and "Don Quixote," of Debussy's "Ibéria" and "La Mer," of Ravel's "Rhapsodie Espagnole" and "Daphnis et Chloe." There was a single mention of one symphony by Sibelius, of one work by Loeffler, of one of Bloch's "Trois Poèmes Juifs," his "Schelomo" and his viola suite. There was no mention of Stravinsky's "Petrushka," except on a program devised for the guest-appearance of the composer; and there was mention of only one performance of the "Sacre du Printemps." But Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung," two of Debussy's three "Nocturnes" and his "L'Aprèz-midi d'un Faune," Sibelius's "Finlandia" and "Swan of Tuonela," and Stravinsky's "L'Oiseau de Feu," among other works, were mentioned almost every season.

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made of heroic stuff we will admit that it is not we who are triumphing with virtue upon the stage.

Now Vincent Lawrence's "A Distant Drum" (Hudson Theater) is a soundly constructed, intelligently written, and convincing drama. Though it involves that triangle which has been called eternal no less because of the persistence with which it constructs itself in the life about us than because of the frequency with which it is employed in drama, the situation seems fresh because the play appears to be written from the standpoint neither of conventional morality nor of that almost equally conventional romanticism which regards adultery as the special privilege of passionate souls, but from the observation of men and women whose vices and virtues never rise above a human level. Yet I must, nevertheless, confess that it was the justice done to the villain more than any other single element which was responsible for the great pleasure which I received from the play. It is true that a bullet through his heart puts an unnecessarily conventional end to the piece and saves somewhat the feelings of that part of the audience which cannot be comfortable unless it finds itself on the hero's side. But throughout the course of the action he is allowed a fair chance to defend himself and he is, indeed, all but turned into a comic hero.

Cad, by his own admission, he is an amiable and understandable cad nevertheless. He has intelligence without ambition; he has been known to cheat at cards, and he is in the habit of committing that mystically unforgivable sin which consists in taking money from women. But he sails under no false colors; he does not pretend to be bound by the rules which he does not accept, and he is brave enough to face out the scorn of those who behave as they are supposed to behave. Women prefer him to their correcter husbands and lovers because the things he has to say are more interesting than their virtuous but mechanical pronunciamentos, and on the whole they are right. Louis Calherne plays the cad with a great deal of charm, but most of the credit for the creation of a difficult character and the production of a difficult effect must nevertheless go to the author who had few models to follow. Most of us know thoroughly agreeable scoundrels, but they have not often got their due in art.

While I was admiring the freshness of the interest which this character lent to the whole drama I heard behind me the voice of one of those paying patrons who, according to Dr. Johnson, give the drama its laws. Frankly disturbed, he was saying to his companion: "The trouble is that that young fellow is too nice. What this play needs is a real villain." Now whether or not this commentator was actually made of that heroic stuff which can understand none except the noblest characters I have no way of knowing, but like most people who go into a theater he wanted no relaxation in the virtue of his heroes and no mitigation for the blackness of his villains. As for me I should have preferred to see this villain get the girl rather than the bullet. And though I hope that it will not from this be concluded that I either allow myself to be supported by women (none have ever offered themselves) or habitually make love to two people at once, I will confess that neither of these actions is for me the occasion of that blank, horrified incredulity which it generally awakens in the breasts of the other characters in a play. I can imagine that men not outside the pale of sympathy, even though they may be outside that of ethics, have done both; if that be caddishness then make the most of it.

Gilbert Miller's production of "The Patriot" (Majestic Theater), a translation from the German of Alfred Neumann, brings back to the stage a kind of tragedy which once dominated the stage but which is now seldom seen. A historical drama dealing with the assassination of Paul I of Russia, it is somberly and gorgeously impressive. Though modern in its language it suggests those emotions which the Middle Ages associated with "the fall of princes" and Shakespeare with "sad stories of the death of kings." Mr. Miller has given it an excellent cast and made it genuinely moving.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Friday, Feb. 10—Everett Dean Martin—"The Land of the Free. Walt Whitman and the Psychology of Government by Crowds."
Sunday, Feb. 12—Harendranath Maitra—"Hindu Art and Music."
Tuesday, Feb. 14—Paul Radin—"The Humanistic Side of Primitive Culture."

AT MUHLENBERG BRANCH LIBRARY
(209 West 23rd St., at 8 o'clock)

Monday, Feb. 13—Mark Van Doren—Shakespeare.
Wednesday, Feb. 15—Robert Chambers—"Living Protoplasm in its Relation to the Environment."
Thursday, Feb. 16—E. G. Spaulding—"What is the Meaning of a priori?. Plato. Kant."
Saturday, Feb. 18—Horace M. Kallen—"Fate and Freedom among the Ancients."

LECTURE AND AFTERNOON TEA
FRANK CALLCOTT, Ph. D.,
of Columbia University
will speak on
"TWO AMERICAS—WHY?"
Sunday, February 5th, 4 p. m.
INTERNATIONAL CLUB
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DISCUSSION

THE GROUP
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MR. NORMAN THOMAS
will speak on
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